

The Fool-Killer

EXTRA EDITION THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 6

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY 1916.

NUMBER 10

"THE PROSPERITY WAVE."

Well, I'll swing,
By jing!
If we ain't struck ...
The luck!

Prosperity has come,
Kerbum!
And struck us in the back,
Kerwhack!

Just like a wave of gold
It rolled,
And swept us from our feet,
Complete!

Here underneath it all
We crawl,
And beg like any whelp
For help.

We poor folks never learned
That durned
Old trick of getting hold
Of gold.

We're too weak, I'm afraid,
To wade
Through such a wave of bliss
As this.

Alas, it seems to me
That we
Will have to make this "wave"
Our grave!

Somebody throw a rope
Of hope,
Or we must settle down
And drown!

—James Earlson Pearson

POSITIVE PROOF.

The Fool-Killer has just received information from Julius Caesar, who got it straight from the Prophet Daniel, to the effect that Queen Victoria had stated in the presence of Abraham and Isaac that she heard Woodrow Wilson tell the Apostle Paul that Andrew Carnegie had just received a letter from Emperor Nero containing positive proof that Abraham Lincoln had told the King of Egypt that he was present when Patrick Henry declared before the Roman Senate that Booker Washington had told William Shakespeare that Joseph Daniels had overheard Martin Luther telling Christopher Columbus that Champ Clark was very positive about what he heard Napoleon say to Moses in connection with the report that J. P. Morgan had shown John D. Rockefeller a clipping from the Wall Street Journal in which it was positively proven that the United States must have "Preparedness."

If Ford does succeed in picking up the war by the tail and slapping its guts out against the Alps, Morgan never will forgive him.

"Can wives be trusted with money?" inquires the New York Independent. Dunno, mister. Send me some and I'll experiment on my wife with it.

THE MESSAGE.

The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Congress:

Edith says tell you hello for her. She wants to come over to the Capitol some day and see the wheels of government go round. Say Congress, was you ever in love? Awful sight of trouble ain't it? I mean this hang-taked government business is such a bother when I want to be talking with Edith all the time. How did you leave the folks at home? Has old Uncle Hiram's rheumatism got any better?

There are so many things to discuss in an Annual Message like this that I don't know where to begin. How would "Money" do to start with? Money usually comes first. All right, then.

MONEY.

I think I can save up enough money while I am President to support Edith and me in comfort the rest of our lives. She has some money of her own, and if we get in a pinch I can teach school. It is reported that there are some people in this country who haven't got as much money as they need, but I can't help that. If this don't settle the money question, it will just have to go unsettled.

AGRICULTURE.

Edith wants me to plow up the lot South of the White House and plant it in corn, beans and potatoes next spring. That will be as much agriculture as we can manage, I guess. We saw some wheat just coming up the last time we went to Harper's Ferry. We will go back to that Negro Hotel next fall and eat some biscuits made out of that wheat, maybe. Edith agrees with me that agriculture is very important.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Don't talk to me about foreign relations. I've got as many near relations as I can manage. And now all of Edith's relations will be added to mine. I do hope none of them are poor relations.

THE ARMY.

The army ought to be made large enough to equal the size of what it didn't look like at the time it was thought to be a little too near the right size. I can prove that by Edith.

THE NAVY.

Josephus Daniels tells me that he has lately found out that the navy is wet on the bottom. Edith said she knew it already. Ain't she smart?

THE TARIFF.

The Tariff is just like we fixed it last time it was fixed. And if we fix it again we must try to fix

it so that it will be just like we thought it ought to have been fixed at the time we didn't fix it like we fully intended for it to be fixed. If we can just get it different from the way it was before we fixed it the first time, and still not quite as different as we had it after we had fixed it a few times, I think it will be a plum purty thing and give perfect satisfaction. Edith knows all about tariffs, and she says that's the way to do it.

PREPAREDNESS.

Now we are getting down to business. "Preparedness" is the word. Say, Congress, I actually can't sleep at night for fear Germany or somebody else will come here and try to steal Edith away from me. So we want you to spend a billion dollars for ships and soldiers to keep them kidnappers away from Edith. There may be other reasons for Preparedness, but Edith is the main one. So don't forget.

(Aside: "All right, honey, your Woodsey-doodsey will be there in just a second.")

Well, Mister Congress, the Dear Girl is calling me to go riding with her, and I'm tired of this hang-taked Message, anyhow. Take it and go to Guinea with it. I'm gone.

Yours awfully in love,

WOODPILE.

STILL GROWING.

I am just now laying the foundation of a new building thirty feet wide by fifty feet long to accommodate the growing business of The Fool-Killer. With a new home in which to spread itself and a national campaign galloping down the political pike, The Fool-Killer will soon be the most widely circulated and best known paper in the country. Even now it would be difficult to find a community anywhere in the United States where The Fool-Killer is not known. It is already famous, and growing more famous every day. This issue is a fair sample of what's in store for my readers from now on. Tell everybody about it and get up as many big clubs as you can. What is the use for anybody to go through life without The Fool-Killer when it only costs ten cents a year in clubs of five or more?

Edison's latest edition of the talking machine is said to be so perfect that even an expert can't distinguish it from the human voice. And that puts new hope in my breast. Maybe the talking machine will get smart enough to tell us when the Democrats are going to lower the cost of living. No human being can do it.

"PREPAREDNESS"

As it happens, there are several sorts of "Preparedness." And some of the sorts are very desirable. But the war jingoes, led by Woodpile and Big Tush, would have us believe that the only "preparedness" we need is the military sort. Infernal lie is too nice a name for such a devil-begotten sentiment.

I am in favor of having something to eat "prepared," also something to wear. I would like to see a nice home "prepared" for every poor homeless family in America. When these cold winter nights come on I would like to know that a good warm bed was "prepared" for every poor, shivering waif of the streets.

Just a whole doggon lot of "preparedness" along those lines would be a mighty good thing, and The Fool-Killer has been advocating that sort of "preparedness" for the past six years.

But our big-mouthed political fire-eaters have entirely lost sight of everything but blood and boodle. They don't care nary dried-apple cuss whether our people are "prepared" to live or not. But—oh, geeminy-Jabbers!—how they can weep and wail over the urgent need of being "prepared" to kill and be killed.

Say, you loud-lunged agitators who want so much war "preparedness," I suppose you are making your wills and winding up your affairs with a view to marching to the front and setting up your own precious carcasses for targets? Are you? No, confound your cowardly skins, you are not. In the time of all your big "preparedness" hellabaloo you are very careful to see that a way is "prepared" for you and your gang to keep out of danger. You are a purty confounded, cowardly, criminal crowd of crooks, anyhow.

JUST AN ILLUSTRATION

As to whether this so-called "preparedness" will keep us out of war, let me give you an illustration:

A gang of drunk fools are fighting and scratching down yonder in a back lot. Several blocks away a business man sits in his office. He is very anxious to keep out of that fight. What would be the wisest course for that man to pursue in order to keep out of the fight? Your "preparedness" advocate would advise him to load up with gups and butcher-knives and go galloping down there and stand around like he was hunting for trouble. I would advise him to stay in his office and attend to his own business.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, Editor and Prop'r.
GEORGE KILPATRICK, Bus. Mgr.

One year to your heart 25 Cents
In clubs of Five or More 10 Cents.
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, N. C., North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange.

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have think some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rasty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at last turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Since The Fool-Killer started in January, 1910, three issues have been missed, and that accounts for the fact that this is only Vol. VI, No. 10, instead of Vol. VII, No. 1, as it would have been if no issues had been missed. But in the matter of time, it has been running six full years and is now starting on its seventh year. Come along, boys, and see the fun.

EDITORIALS

Off on another gallop around the race-track of time-Hooray!

And now we shall have a new crop of Ford jokes.

Maybe we better loan old Whiskers Carranza a billion or two.

They are actually fighting in the Garden of Eden. And it all started from that Apple.

If Ford had Morgan's power, or Morgan had Ford's heart, something could be done. Yes. IF.

Even poor old Booker is a mighty good fellow now that he is dead.

There is getting to be a sight of business in religion, but mighty little religion in business.

Money is mighty close these days, but it ain't got close enough for me to get my hands on it.

What has St. Louis done to deserve such punishment as a Donkeycrat National Kickup.

Laugh all you please, but think some as you go along. The Fool-Killer will make you do both.

One of the Capitalists papers of Chicago says there is a shortage of laborers in that city. All perished to death, I guess.

This new revolution in Mexico is the first one in nearly a week. They must be getting awfully civilized down there.

A good New Year's resolution: I will send in at least one club a month, and try to make each club ten or more.

The New York Sun sounds a warning to the effect that there is going to be a "drug famine." Well, it will be a great blessing to everybody but the doctors.

"To hell with the hyphen!" bawls T. R. He has probably thought of some way he can use the hyphen when he gets down there.

Vice-President Marshall confessed that he gets his suffrage views ready-made from his wife. She is an Anti, and every time she says "anti" he "anties." Poor little Tom!

This issue goes to press about a week before Christmas. Lots of our friends have responded to our call for a club of ten, but some have neglected to send it in. What have YOU done.

Comrades, I am one of the workers, and proud of it. I am a poor man, and my income from The Fool-Killer is my only chance of getting rich. And that's about a duck's chance of becoming a steamboat. So don't be afraid of sending in the subs. You can't spoil me.

A LITTLE MORE SHOP TALK.

Law, yes, honey, I claim to know a little something about running a paper. Didn't learn it from somebody else, either. Dug it out for myself. Started The Fool-Killer from absolutely nothing and made a big success of it, while dozens of other papers that had a more promising start have long ago gone busted.

Being an editor is sorter like being a poet—you've got to be born with a talent for it. Having been born that way, the next thing in order is to get thoroughly acquainted with every crook and turn of a printing office. You would laugh at a man who would try to run a farm without knowing the difference between a wheel-barrow and a hame-string. But he is in the same class with the editor who don't know a type case from a form table nor a composing stick from a 3-em quad. I have seen men with plenty of writing ability who utterly failed as editors because they were not printers. I attribute much of my success with The Fool-Killer to the fact that I first learned the printer's trade from the bottom up. Then with a second-hand job press and a shirt-tail full of type, I was ready to launch out on my editorial career. A circulation of 40,000 at the end of six years proves that somebody has been listening to my gab, and that maybe it has done some good.

Not bragging at all, but I have made some money out of The Fool-Killer, and expect to make some more. At the same time I am giving you a mighty doggon good paper a heap cheaper than you could steal it, and you ought to help put it into as many new hands as possible. Let's resolve to get more subscribers during 1916 than we have gotten during all the past six years. It can be done easy enough if every subscriber will help just a little. I am depending on YOU, brother. Not the other fellow, but YOU!

At this distance it looks like the Republican nomination for president is going to have troubles of its own. Those who want it can't get it, and those who can get it won't have the blamed thing.

The Fool-Killer starts the New Year with a circulation of Forty Thousand, and still going up. Fifty Thousand is the next station, but we only stop there five minutes. All aboard for a Million by the end of 1916!

Toothadore Specksvelt is reported to have said that he hoped to die on the battlefield. Then why in the thunder don't he go ahead and die? There are plenty of battlefields to die on just now, and I'm certain nobody will care.

Fool-Killer Bundle Rates

12 copies	10 cents
25 copies	15 cents
50 copies	25 cents
100 copies	50 cents

SIX YEARS OLD.

Yes sir, six years old, and starting on another year. Six years of hard work and bitter struggle, with many disappointments and some success. But taking everything into account, I guess the successes have outweighed the failures. I am sure the past six years have not been wasted.

Through the medium of The Fool-Killer I have come in touch with many thousands of good friends who have stood by me through thick and thin. And I feel confident that they are going to continue to stand by me in the fight which must go on and on.

The Fool-Killer needs no label to show where it stands. Every line speaks out in thunder tones against the legalized crimes of Capitalism and the hallish methods of those who "grind the faces of the poor."

There is only one "poor man's party" on earth, and although its very name is a stench in the nostrils of the rich, the poor are flocking to it as never before. The Fool-Killer is free and independent so far as being tied to anybody's prejudices is concerned, but all its sympathies are with the poor and oppressed.

The poor in this country, as in all other countries, are in a sad condition. They slave, starve and suffer while their cruel masters feast and fatten in idle luxury.

And no matter what party is in power, these conditions get steadily worse. The Republicans did not even try to help matters. The Democrats made great promises. But they have been at the bat three years now, and what have they done? Nothing, or worse than nothing.

There is some excuse for being fooled one time, or even twice; but after that the poor working man who sticks to either of the old plutocratic parties is either crazy or a fool.

The Fool-Killer is not altogether a political paper, but so far as it is political it is Socialistic. Now have a fit, darn ye, Mister Plute, and see if I care.

The Fool-Killer has made a few enemies as well as a great host of friends. That was to be expected. We can't fight wrong and injustice without offending those who profit by wrong-doing.

Many desperate attempts have been made by its enemies to put The Fool-Killer out of business. Many malicious lies have been told and many low-down tricks attempted in order to destroy my work or weaken its influence. But I have survived it all, and I'm still here. And The Fool-Killer is going right on. Its enemies can't destroy it. The paper has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become one of the established institutions of the country. It must go on, because the people demand it.

A circulation of 40,000 at the age of six years is not so bad, but let's all go to work right now to make it 100,000 by its next birthday.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

Of the Politicians:

We resolve to promise more and perform less during this year than before. We resolve that our promises don't cost anything and are worth about half what they cost.

Of the Lawyers:

We resolve to tell more lies and bigger lies this year than ever heard of in any previous year. We resolve that it is our business to sell our influence to the highest bidder, and we will continue to condemn the innocent and defend the guilty as usual—if the price is in sight.

Of the Doctors:

We resolve that we don't care a cuss for the health of the public, but we do love to get its money. We resolve that if some real friend of humanity could discover a way for everybody to keep perfectly well, we doctors would have him hung to the first limb we could get hold of. We resolve that we wouldn't take a dose of our own medicine to save everybody's life.

Of the Preacher:

We resolve to pray very earnestly this year that God will "call" us to a finer and more fashionable church, with a bigger salary attached to it. We resolve that the souls at Poverty Ridge have been very precious in our sight the past year; but if the Society Street church will double our salary, we will take that as God's voice telling us that the souls of Society Street are more worth saving than those of Poverty Ridge. We resolve that the money is a bigger inducement than the souls, anyhow.

Of the Millionaires:

We resolve to own and control during this year whatever we do not already own and control. We resolve that no mines, forests, water powers or other natural resources shall escape our grasp. We resolve to shoot, burn, starve, threaten or otherwise intimidate the workers till they submit to our bossism. We resolve that in the coming campaign we will defeat every candidate whom we cannot control. We resolve to make everybody from president down to dogcatcher bow the knee to us.

Of the War Lords:

We resolve that there is not yet enough war in the world to suit us. We resolve to work hand in hand with the devil until we saddle the burden of Militarism upon every nation in the world. We resolve to fan the fires of international jealousy and hatred until every wife is a widow, every child an orphan, every home a ruin, every town a Rheims, every city a Louvain, every hill a Poland, every valley a Flanders, every river a Visula, and every land a Belgium.

"You will never have a chance to vote for me again," says Big Bill Taft. Is that meant for a threat or an assurance? Sounds to me sorter like telling a man who has once been run over by a gut wagon that he will never have the blessed privilege again.

Notice to Club-Raisers.

The regular price of the Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year for single subscriptions, or 10 cents a year in clubs of five or more. At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples in to good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. When sending in clubs, please remember the following points:

DO NOT SEND STAMPS. It is a lot of trouble for us to get them turned into cash.

Remittance should be made by registered letter, express or post office money order.

Be sure to write each name and address very carefully. You might write a good hand, but if you are not careful in writing each name, it will not be so plain to the person who is not used to your writing. MORAL: WRITE PLAINLY.

If, after a reasonable time your club members do not receive their papers, write to us about it. But be sure to give the name and address of each complaining subscriber. It is impossible for us to make an investigation unless you give the name and address of each person who does not receive the paper.

And remember, DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

Address all communications to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, Moravian Falls, N. C.

"CONSTIPATION."

No, no, honey, this ain't a medical ad. But I am partly indebted to a medical ad for the inspirational idea which suggested the writing of this piece.

The Greensboro (N. C.) Daily News is a little bit the most kind, courteous, thoughtful and considerate daily paper that I ever read. When the regular run of its professional duties compels the News to do its readers an injury, it is ready and willing to repair the damage so far as is humanly possible. It is not willing to get people into trouble and then leave them there.

The Greensboro News is not paying me to give it a "send-off." I am doing this of my own free will, because I think the paper deserves it.

When the president of the United States sends a "Message" to Congress, it is the custom of all daily papers to print the Message in full. Well, you know Congress and the country have recently been made the victims of another Message from Woodpile, (a condensed version of which will be found in this issue of The Fool-Killer.) The Greensboro News manfully shouldered its burden and put the Message in type for its issue of December 8th. It made a solid page, lacking six inches at the bottom of the last column.

What to do with the six inches? With a presence of mind which is as rare as it is commendable, somebody on the News force came forward with a medical ad which would exactly fill the space and at the same time serve a still better purpose. It was an ad of the well-known proprietary drug called Cascarets. It was headed in big black type, "TAKE CAS-CARETS IF CONSTIPATED."

Knowing that Woodpile's Message was calculated to give the reader constipation, the News felt under obligation to point out some means of relief. I think it was about the most big-hearted act I ever heard tell of.

"THE CENTER OF THE STAGE."

One of the big New York weeklies opens its editorial mill with a noise like this:

"The center of the stage has not been held by the labor movement for a year and a half, and hardly anybody except the peace-at-any-price element in the Socialistic ranks has thought to ask what has become of it."

Of course the "labor movement" is a mighty unpopular outfit, anyhow, and has to be eternally kicked and cuffed around by the pampered parasites who feast and fatten at its expense.

But just let Labor fold its strong arms for a few weeks and quit holding up the superficial structures of business and boodle. Just let the products of Labor cease to feed the hungry jaws of commerce for about one month, and see what happens. The chances are that the big pot-gutted sons-of-guns who never did a day's work in their lives will soon begin to inquire what has become of that poor old unrespectable "labor movement."

Every person or thing that shows the least bit of sympathy for Labor has to have the "Socialistic" badge tacked onto it, as if that were a term of awful reproach. Hang-taked if it don't make me tired, and some of these days I'm going to give the whole boodling bunch the doggondest worst cussing-out they ever toted. See if I don't.

No, honey, the "labor movement" does not occupy the center of the stage, but it is the strong foundation pillar that holds up the durned stage while the rotten rich cut their cussed capers in the center of it. Knock out that foundation, and you can have more fun than a box of monkeys. The whole air will be full of plug hats, clawhammer coat-tails and stud-hoss collars, mixed up with enough silk gowns, lace underwear and pet dogs to stampede the very devil.

NOTHING TO BRAG ABOUT.

My new Democratic neighbor, The Hornet, has opened its mouth and stuck its foot in it the very first pop. It just rips and snorts around trying to defend the Woodpile administration, and the caps the stack with a paragraph bragging about the price of wheat.

Land sakes, what an argument! Wheat is one important item of belly-timber, and when wheat is high, belly-timber is bound to be high also.

But, lemme see, didn't the Wilson gang promise to lower the cost of living?

And now ain't The Hornet boasting about how its party is keeping up the price of grub—the very opposite of what it promised to do?

If the average poor man had wheat to sell it would suit him all right for wheat to be high.

But how many poor men have wheat to sell?

None.

And how many poor men have to buy flour?

All of them.

Then which suits the average poor man best, high wheat or low wheat?

But the main point is this:

Wilson promised to lower the cost of living, and he has raised it.

He and his party have done exactly the opposite of what they promised to do, and now have the gall to go around bragging about it.

How in the Tom Walker could anybody have faith in Democratic promises after this?

High wheat?

Aw, your foot!

The billions of dollars that are flowing into this country as a result of the war traffic—that must be set down entirely to the credit of the Democratic party, you know. But the shortage of funds to run the government and the necessity of issuing bonds—the war in Europe is to blame for all that. Oh, well, a poor excuse is better than none, but the Democratic excuses these days are a little bit worse than none.

GET A COPY OF THE GREAT SONG

"Henry Dabb"

Written from Comrade Ryan Walker's cartoons. Price 10 cents each; \$1.00 per dozen; \$7.50 per 100. FRANK SMELSER, Muncie, Ind.

YOU'LL Get cards and have friends and sweethearts everywhere. Membership 10 cents. WORLD-WIDE CARD CLUB. Dept. F.K., King, N. C.

FORD JOKES and STORIES. A Literary Joy Ride. Sixty laughs a minute and that's going some. This new 64 page Book is a great fun producer. Post-paid 10 cents with our new catalog. NEWSUM BOOK Co., Dept. F.K., King, N. C.

"LIFE OF NAOMI WISE" A true story of a Beautiful Girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph county N. C. About 100 years ago. We include the song of "NAOMI WISE" with the Book, which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent post-paid for 12 cents with our new catalog. NEWSUM NOVELTY Co., Dept. F., King, N. C.

In sending in your renewal, why not get four or more of your friends to go in with you and send us a club. In so doing you will be helping a good cause along, and save yourself fifteen cents.



THE IMPERIAL IRON FRAME CORN MILL

Equipped with cleaning fan belt, safety spring and genuine Rowan white flint buhrs; built entirely of steel and iron on wood skids. The stone housing is machine turned and the buhrs are ground to a running face, the stones always in line, making the highest quality of sweet table meal. Not in any trust. Sold direct to purchaser. You cannot buy a better mill at any cost. Write for catalog.

R. C. MEADOWS, Box F. POORS KNOB, N. C.

THE DEVIL'S LETTER.

The Hot Place,
Dec. 18th, 1915.

To the Congress of the Benited States,

Washington, D. C.

My dear Boys:

I'm awful glad to see you back at your old stomping-ground. Hope you enjoyed yourselves back home, and now I guess you are rested up enough to give me some good active service again. This is going to be one of your busy sessions, because I've got lots of work for you to do. As a business grows it takes more work to run it, and you know my business has been growing very rapidly here of late. I seem to be getting a monopoly on the business of the whole world, and if you fellows will just help me right good we will soon be running everything to suit ourselves.

You understand, boys, that the important business of this session is "Preparedness." Your country is at peace with all the world, which is very displeasing to me, and I have made up my mind that I won't stand for it much longer. Something has just got to be done to get the Benited States into the great World War. I find that a great many of your people are opposed to war, and they never will go into it with their eyes open. So I've got to get them blindfolded. They must be made to think they are keeping out while in fact they are being led right into it.

I am still getting good service out of that blessed old lie of George Washington's to the effect that preparing for war is the surest way to preserve peace. George did me a great service in giving that lie to the world. It's the handiest tool I ever got hold of, and it just beats the devil (that's me) how it holds out. I was almost certain it would lose its temper and become useless in the heat of this great war. But no sir! It still works just like a charm. Boys, whenever you need a lie in your business I advise you to use the George Washington brand. They always give satisfaction.

Now, boys, go to work for at least a billion dollars worth of "Preparedness." About forty of you get on the floor all at one time, and just saw the air and yell bloody murder till you get everybody scared half to death. There really isn't any danger, but you must make them think there is. And if there actually was danger, all the preparedness would only make the danger still greater. Of course that's the very thing we want, but we mustn't let the people know it. Get them scared out of their senses, and then you fellows go ahead and vote a billion or so for preparedness. Don't say anything about where the billion is to come from. You who want the preparedness can vote the expenditure, and those who don't want it will have to pay for it. That's the beauty of your misrepresentative form of government.

There's going to be some op-

position to our plans. That fool Claude Kitchin, from the second district of North Carolina, is going to give us trouble, I'm afraid. He's the stubbornest rascal I ever saw. He don't show a bit of respect for my wishes. We will have to fight him and all the strength he can muster among the mollycoddle members. If you see any danger of not having votes enough to carry our plans through, and you need money to buy votes, just call on my friend J. P. Morgan, of Wall Street. He will gladly put up any amount needed, because he knows he will get it back again by selling "Preparedness." You need not try to buy Kitchin, but maybe you can buy enough of his weak-kneed followers to give us the victory. Old Bryan can't vote on this question, I am happy to say, but he may be able to control several votes. Keep your eyes on him. Watch everybody and everything, but don't lose sight of "Preparedness." That's the goal. Head for it, and work like the very devil.

Don't pay any attention to poor little Henry Ford and his ship full of fanatics. They won't amount to as much as a feather in a cyclone. They might do to laugh at, but you fellows ain't even got time to laugh until after you get our "Preparedness" proposition put through safely.

That's all for this time, but I will write you as often as I can. On account of the rush of business down here I can't be with you in person, but I am always with you in spirit. Let that thought comfort you through the hard fight which you must wage against the forces of righteousness.

Devilishly yours,
SATAN DEVIL.

BILLIE BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville, S. I.,
the S. I. stands for
Stait ov Ignorunee.
Dec. 20, 1915.

Deer Mister Fool-Killer Man:

Do you recommember that smart little feller named Billie Bonehead what youst tew rite sich offul good peeces fer yore paper? Wel, sur, yore frend Billie has cum back agin an wants tew rite some more ov the offul good peeces.

You wil probly want tew kno what has bin the matter awl this time I hav bin silunt. Wel, it wood taik a long time tew tell it awl, but I wil confes that weunses hav bin having a purty tuff time ov it. We hav muved 3 times sents I rit you last, an ever time we got tew a little wusser place than the one we was at before. An you kno the one we was at in the fust place wasent enny palis. We air now lokated tew miles below Foolville at the foot ov Idiot Mountain, rite whur Bughouse Branch runs into Crazy Creek. The place belongs tew Capm Titewad. The house is bilt on the pig-pen stile ov arkitekture, only it is most tew small fer a pig. We had tew split up our bed-stid fer fire-wood thuther nite, an now we sleep on the flore. If it becums

necessary tew burn the flore fer fire-wood, then we can sleep on the ground. Thar is alwaze sum way pervided, you kno.

I kno the country is full ov prosperity, fer I red awl about it in a good Redemocan paper what the Capm's wife giv Maw with sum meet-skins rapped up in it. The paper sed Woodsaw was given us prosperity in grate big chunks. I was glad tew kno that, bekaze if it wasent in purty big chunks we coodent keep it in our house—it wood spill out thru the cracks. But them chunks makes it awl rite. Our house will hold it, I guess.

Me an Paw air just as strong in the good ole Redemocan faith as we youst tew be. An we air mitey lucky tew hav the Capm tew teach us more about them glorious doektrins. Paw ain't got no reglar work, but he duz odd jobs about the Capm's house sumtimes. One day Paw hurd the Capm talkin tew his guests at the tabul about prosperity an preparedness. He sed as how we had one an was a-gwine fer tew have the tuther one purty soon.

That giv me an Paw an idy, an we hav bin holdin conversashuns like that at our tabul ever day. We hav got tew be plum expurts at talkin about prosperity an preparedness, an we hav lurned awl about them except what tha mean. You see we don't have nuthin hardly on our tabul tew eat, an so our conversasun is not interrupted by the annoyance ov eatin. Paw sez that is better fer the mind, ennyhow, but it shore is purty hard on the belly.

I hav bin sorter comparin the Capm's belly with mine an Paw's, an I hav reached the conclusion that prosperity don't effect awl bellies alike. Paw sez it is bekaze the Capm has a better digestion than weunses. Maw put in an sed maybe he got more tew digest. I hadent thought ov that.

But "Preparedness" is the parrymount issue in this campane. Most everbody is a-wantin ov it, an me an Paw hav sot our heds tew hav sum along with the rest.

Ov course me an Paw woodent kno Preparedness from a carload ov jackasses if we met it in the rode, an we woodent hav the least idy what it cood be used fer if we had it. But the Capm can tell us all about that. As wel as I can figger it out, we need Preparedness tew protect our Prosperity. But if that's awl it's fer, me an Paw cood make out without it. We cood afford tew giv the Jurmans a rite smart tew find our prosperity fer us. I kno we've got sum, but we aint saw it lately.

An I think one uther reesum why we need Preparedness is tew keep them dangerous old Soshubls from gettin in power an destroyin our happy homes. I hearn the Capm tellin Paw about them Soshubls no longer ago than yistidy. He sed tha wanted tew make everybody divide up their welth. That jist skares me tew think ov it. Fer instunce, if weunses welth was divided up, woodent it be a purty lookin site?

Yores fer preparedness,

BILLIE BONEHEAD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAS. M. WARREN, Rogue River, Ore.—Not long ago a friend handed me a copy of The Fool-Killer and I let some of my friends read it with the results that I am now inclosing fifty cents for five subs.

G. M. BRUBAKER, Box 32, Robla, Ill.—You will please find express money order to pay for five subs. I just can't keep house without the little saucy old Fool-Killer. Hurry it up so that we can have another good laugh about the first of the month.

N. H. HENDERSON, Verbena, Ala.—Please find inclosed money order for \$1.00 for ten subs. They all like The Fool-Killer fine. Please send the paper to these names at once. Also send me some samples as I think I can get up another club larger than this one.

JOS. A. PETER, N. Railroad St., Bucyrus, Ohio.—Inclosed find one dollar for which please send your paper to the following names. Received my first copy of The Fool-Killer and am well pleased with it. I passed it around in our shop and got the above names in ten minutes.

W. S. REID, Rock Hill, S. C.—In order to keep alive that pure and undiluted humor within the marrow of my bones, which no gentlemen, with the wolf at the front door and the flesh and the devil within could say "no" to, I am herewith sending 25 cents for a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer.

E. E. Ball, 838 Melrose Ave., Ambridge, Pa.—A friend gave me a copy of your paper and after reading it through I decided that it was made of the right kind of material to kill or cure. So I got busy and got up a club of ten which I am now sending you. Hope this will help you a little and help the subscribers a whole lot.

ERNEST L. HARRIS, Mill Springs, N. C.—Last month I sent you a club of five and promised to send you double that number next time. Am now able to inform you that I have succeeded in doing so. This is a mountain country, and being about 18 miles to the nearest railroad, it is not very thickly settled, and owing to these circumstances I cannot promise to send in 20 subs next time, but will promise to come as near doing so as possible. I think that if more people would read The Fool-Killer there would be more smiles and fewer tears, more hearty laughs and fewer sullen griefs. It is a sure cure for the blues and certain death to fools.

A. W. ASKREN, Jonesboro, Ark.—A short time ago a copy of your paper came to my address, and liking it so well and your liberal price of subscription induced me to get up a club. Inclosed find fifty cents to pay for same. Please send a few samples and I will try to get a few more fools from around here.

G. T. PORTER, Hackett, Ark.—Please find inclosed check for the amount of \$1.30 for which send your hot shot to these names. And please send me another bundle of samples.

W. F. TOLLISON, Gluck Mills, Anderson, S. C.—I have been reading your paper for some time and find it the best little paper I have ever read, and I am now sending you a club of eleven subscribers.

J. B. HAYES, Woodstock, Ga.—Please find 50 cents for which you will send The Fool-Killer to the following names. We like your paper fine, and hope that you will make every issue as interesting as the sample I recently received.

B. C. SLYTER, Edgehill, Mont.—Inclosed is a money order for 50 cents. Please send a dozen doses of your medicine to the inclosed names. The Fool-Killer is sure rightly named and I think that if a course of your treatment will not make a permanent cure it will at least do some good.

A rich church member will not trust his poor brother member for a bushel of corn, but he will trust a rich sinner for anything he wants. No wonder the poor brother loses faith in the church and becomes a howling Socialist. Now is it?

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 6

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1916.

NUMBER 11.

CHIPS FROM THE BATTLE-AXE.

Look out there, you poor white folks and niggers! Them there Germans, or Japanese, or somebody else, are going to wade across the creek some night and walk off with your "Liberty," and then you will be in a pickle, for that is all the "property" these American robbers have left you—except your shirt and pants—so you had better see if the munition makers will swap you a gun for your breeches, so you can be "prepared!" Hush, now—don't kick. You MUST be a PATRIOT, even if you DO have to go in your shirt-tail.

A man that delights in war and loves to win victories by shooting down his fellow men, is such a full-blooded son of the devil that his barber had better use great care for fear he will cut his horns.

The poor boys of England didn't know they had a country until the war broke out—but now they have found it out with a vengeance, and they have got to fight for it. What a shame! The poor fellows have had to pay the "lords" two prices for every bread crust they have eaten and for every shanty they have lived in. And now they must be "patriotic" and go and fight and die for a home they never had and for a country that belongs to the "lords."

Some people are very particular to go with Christ down into the water, but they part company with Him as soon as they get on the other side of the creek, and then go on their wiggle-woggle way, butting and stinking just like the rest of the billy-goats.

The preachers that preach that the world is getting better must have a mighty poor idea of "better", or else they must think that our great-grandfathers lived in hell itself. Pray tell me in what respect the world is getting "better". Is it more truthful? Is it more honest? Is it more virtuous? Is it better in any way? Open your eyes and SEE; unstop your ears and HEAR; quit holding your nose and SMELL; and stop your fool talk about the world getting better.

Jonah was not a tobacco-chewing and cigar-smoking preacher, for no whale could hold one of them in his stomach for three days without vomiting.

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

If I were an unborn baby just at this stage of the world's progress, I would use all my influence to keep from being born just yet.

PUTTING

BOOMER

ON THE MAP

Take notice, everybody! The Fool-Killer has moved its office from Moravian Falls, N. C., to BOOMER, N. C. There have always been some big objections to "Moravian Falls" as the name of a postoffice. It is too long, difficult to keep in mind, and to most people it is absolutely meaningless. Many postmasters, in drawing money-orders on that office, spell it every way but the right way.

Boomer, on the other hand, is a short and easy name. Only six letters in it, and the word means something. Boomer—booming—on a boom—it will always remind you that The Fool-Killer is doing a booming business. And that is a fact. Don't forget it. By simply connecting these two thoughts in your mind you can easily remember the paper's new address. And you can tell your friends about it, and thus help to make it boom still more.

The appropriateness of the name "Boomer" is one reason why I moved The Fool-Killer from Moravian Falls, N. C., to Boomer, N. C. There are some other reasons that I may mention later.

"Where is Boomer?" you will probably ask. Well, Boomer is a small country village in Wilkes county, North Carolina, about five miles from Moravian Falls. It is surrounded by a farming and fruit-growing community, and is a very beautiful place. My big new office, which I have just built, is situated out in the woods some little distance from the village of Boomer, and all its surroundings breathe the spirit of the open country. Here I can live and work undisturbed. Here I can have plenty of elbow-room. My mail is delivered right to my door every morning, and the whole situation is just ideal. I can think and work better out here in the

woods where everything is quiet and peaceful.

This is perhaps the only instance where a paper of large circulation can be found literally out in the woods, several miles from a railroad, with nothing that looks or smells like a town anywhere in miles of it. But that is the situation here, and it suits me exactly. My big new office, while not quite complete, is now being occupied, and another addition will be built to it during the coming summer. This issue of The Fool-Killer will be hauled away from the new office in a big farm wagon, the mail sacks being piled up like a load of hay. In this manner the paper will be carried over the country road to the railroad station, a distance of about ten miles.

As everybody knows, The Fool-Killer is different from all other papers on earth, and the novelty of its rural location makes it still more different.

My old school-mate, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his inspired moments remarked that if a man would make even a better mouse-trap than had ever been made, though he lived in the woods, the world would make a path to his door. And Emerson was right. I am not in the mouse-trap business, but I am out here in the woods trying to make a better paper than was ever made before, and the reading world is rapidly making a path to my door. I have helped to make Moravian Falls famous all over the country, and now I am putting Boomer on the map in a hurry.

Forget Moravian Falls—it is no longer of any importance. But remember BOOMER—it is now the most important postoffice in America.

Address all letters and make all money orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
BOOMER, N. C.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

From the standpoint of eminent respectability there ain't any flies on the American Review of Reviews. That is a fact too well known to need emphasizing here. For many years it has stood at the very head of its class as a magazine of superior excellence and reliability. If a man can afford to take and read but one of the big standard magazines, he could hardly make a better choice than the Review of Reviews. It does for the busy reader a vast amount of reading, culling and boiling down that he ain't got time to do for himself. And its editorials, by Dr. Albert Shaw, are well written and worth reading, whether you agree with him or not.

Now all that popularity for a magazine means more than you might suppose. For one thing, it means that the political and financial bosses of America have not found anything in it to kick about. It has managed to keep on the good side of the ruling class, and that awful word "Socialistic" has never been hurled at it, so far as I know.

I was therefore most agreeably surprised when I read in the December number of the Review of Reviews such a Socialistic editorial as the following:

"Our two so-called 'great' parties do not differ enough in essential principles, or in programs of action, to be distinguished from each other. Most of the leaders of one party might just as well be the leaders of the other, so far as their convictions are concerned. These two parties stand to-day as the chief enemies of good government in our municipalities and our States, and it is not treasonable to say that their methods and their rivalry are the chief obstacles to good government in the sphere of national and international affairs."

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Europe was "prepared." Where is Europe's peace?

There was no other cause for the war except that Europe had too much "preparedness." Shall we benefit by Europe's mistake, or shall we not?

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Congressman Victor Murdock, who is a sort of "handy-man" about the Bull Moose barn-lot, deposes and says: "The Democratic party is on the verge of an internal explosion." All right, let 'er bust! But say, Vic, it don't become you to talk about the impending misfortunes of the Jack-ass. Ain't you and your party a rent-off tribe from a busted party?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, Editor.
Boomer, North Carolina

One year to your heart 25 Cents
In clubs of Five or More. 10 Cents.
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Application has been made for entry as second class mail matter at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
BOOMER, North Carolina

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty eleventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange.

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have think some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at last turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Our good friend Frank Walsh, who made himself famous as Chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission, has declared himself in favor of limiting all fortunes to \$1,000,000. All right! Most of us will agree to that, won't we Rube? They can limit my fortune to \$1,000,000 any day they want to.

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The war-lords said they couldn't af-Ford to quit fighting.

Why not run Mutt for President and Jeff for Vice?

After all, the dye question is not so important as the die question.

The man or woman who saves time by eating in a hurry has just that much more time to be sorry of it.

Zeb Vance Walser says North Carolina is wild for Theodore Roosevelt. Wild? Well, I should say! If it is for T. R. at all it certainly IS wild.

A Kansas bachelor has "writ a piece" telling all about marriage—how it is and how it ought to be. Of course it takes a bachelor to tell such things.

A book which has been widely advertised and much read here of late is called "How to Live One Hundred Years." The man who wrote the book has just died at the age of forty-five.

Just about once a week I read that somebody has discovered another new way to stop the war. Doggon it, we don't need so many ways to stop it—one good one would do.

Ed Howe says that all the prominent men who write are sensible half the time and foolish half the time. Then Ed must be in the habit of doing all his writing during his foolish spells.

Ever notice it? When some fellow slips up to you easy-like and ask if you would like to know the real truth about something, he is getting ready to tell you an awful big lie.

Woodpile's great speech-making trip through the middle West in behalf of "preparedness" fell on the public ear sorter like dropping a hunk of rye dough into a cold skillet.

If the Republicans succeed in nominating anybody for President, he will be a "preparedness" man. You can bank on that. Then what will become of the Republican papers that are now fighting "preparedness?"

There ought to be a new Bureau of Statistics to find out how many fleas there are on all the dogs in the United States. The information would be fully as useful as lots of other information that is gathered at great expense, and besides that, it would give several more Democrats a fat job.

Because Ford honestly desires and tries to stop the butchery, he is "Quixotic." Because Morgan, Schwab & Co., sell munitions to prolong it, they are level-headed business men. That is the orthodox opinion—but not mine.

AN APOLOGY.

Well, boys, here is the February Fool-Killer at last, such as it is. I came near not being able to get out a February paper at all, on account of moving, and various other troubles. As stated elsewhere, I have moved from Moravian Falls, N. C., to Boomer, N. C., and if you have ever moved you know something about the trouble it is.

First, I had to look after the building of a new office at Boomer, and at the same time run back and forth to the old office to look after the business before it got moved. And on top of that, my sick wife has been going through one of her worst spells, and I have had to lose a great deal of time and sleep with her.

Under such conditions it was impossible for me to get properly settled down to editorial work. So this issue is merely an apology and a promise to do better next time. I always want to be feeling purty good when I write the fool stuff to fill these columns. You folks have got in the habit of looking for something funny, and I hate to disappoint you. I had several good articles partly thunk out, but was not able to get them in printable shape for this issue. Look out for them later. In its nice new country home The Fool-Killer expects to grow and prosper as never before. It wants to keep all of its old friends and make many thousands of new ones. Let everybody pitch in and roll up the clubs until every home in these Benited States is supplied with The Fool-Killer. In the language of the poet, "You furnish the chink, and I'll furnish the chat."

ABOUT COMPLAINTS.

A good many complaints have been reaching this office lately from subscribers who were getting anxious or uneasy about their Fool-Killers. Many write that they have subscribed or sent in a club and have never received the paper nor heard from it. After three or four weeks of waiting, they naturally get to having suspicions that maybe something is wrong. Some of them perhaps think that I have either gone broke or got rich and retired from business. While others conclude that I was a crook to start with and just wanted their money for nothing.

Say, friends, you are all wrong, but I don't wonder at your fears. I know just how you feel about it, and nobody regrets the delay more than I do. It not only worries you, but it worries me, and injures the business. Still, these things can't be helped sometimes. I wish they could. As explained elsewhere in this issue, there has been an unavoidable delay in getting the February issue printed and mailed. Building, moving, sickness—all these things and other things have combined against me, and it is a wonder I got the paper out at all.

I wanted to answer the com-

plaints as they came in telling what the trouble was, but I couldn't even do that. The time it would have taken to answer your complaints was needed worse in getting the paper ready. So you all just had to wait and sweat it out. I hope the arrival of this issue—such as it is—will ease your minds and convince you that I am doing my best. And I have been told that angels can do no more.

FAIR WARNING.

Say, friends, just between you and me and the gate post, I want to tell you a secret. After being warned of it by hundreds of readers, I have at last become convinced that the price of The Fool-Killer in clubs is too low. Every day I get letters saying that each issue is worth what I charge for a year's subscription. And I have tried it long enough to see that the low price of ten cents a year in clubs don't give me any living profit. If I could do more of the office work myself I could manage to come out at it. But on account of the affliction in my home I have to hire everything done, and it takes it all.

I know you are all good reasonable folks and I believe you are willing for me to have at least a living out of the business. So, after long and careful consideration, I have decided that it will be necessary to put the price back like it used to be—fifteen cents a year in clubs of five or more. That is only the price of three cheap cigars, and any person who wants The Fool-Killer at all will not grumble at paying fifteen cents a year for it.

But the change in price will not go into effect for awhile yet. I want to give everybody fair warning and a chance to subscribe or renew at the present price if they want to. Therefore I am setting the date of the change ahead to July 1st, 1916. Subscriptions will be received at the present price up to that time, after which it will be fifteen cents a year in clubs of five or more.

Show this notice to everybody you see and get them to hurry in their clubs at once if they want to take advantage of the present low rate. Let's swell the list to 100,000 before the first of July.

Europe was "prepared." Where is Europe's peace?

Three years ago we jumped out of the Republican frying pan into the Democratic fire, and now the Republicans are begging us to jump back into their frying pan. But what's the use? We are plutocracy's meat, anyhow, and the plutes like their meat broiled just as well as fried.

Fool-Killer Bundle Rates

12 copies	10 cents
25 copies	15 cents
50 copies	25 cents
100 copies	50 cents

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

"CUBISTS ART."

Doggoned if I didn't think the "new poetry" had just about gone the limit, but lo and behold, the "new art" has done swallowed the cake and licked the skillet.

When it comes to "new" things, we are having them these days, and don't you forget it.

The "new poetry" is a sort of bastard imitation of Walt Whitman. In fact, it sounds just like the barking of Whitman's dog when he treed a polecat.

And while we were still trying to recover from the shock of the "new poetry", here comes another "new" thing called "Cubist Art" and wants us to take it in as one of the family and brag on it to our friends.

The Literary Digest of Nov. 27th contains an alleged "picture" which it is obliging enough to explain represents "A Cubist Impression of Broadway." It was very kind of the editor to add that explanation, for otherwise it might have been taken for the place where a German shell had busted through a plank fence. If it represents anything about Broadway it must undoubtedly be where forty-seven elevated trains have all had a collision at once and tumbled head foremost into the Subway. All I can see in it is a few irregular sharp corners that might be splintered box cars or sections of sidewalk torn up with dynamite. Here and there can be seen fragments of business signs that look sorter like a dead duck foot sticking out of the mud.

If I owned a steer calf that couldn't drag his tail through a paint bucket and then slap it against the barn door and paint a better picture than that, I'd swap it for 30 cents worth of Democratic prosperity payable when Wood pile lowers the cost of living.

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The party which calls itself the "white man's party" has succeeded in disfranchising 160,000 white men in the good old state of Virginia, all because they were three years behind in the payment of their poll taxes. The democratic papers insinuate that these men were dishonest and wouldn't pay their taxes, and that therefore they ought to be disfranchised. But the truth is that this over-dose of "Democratic prosperity" has made times so hard that those poor men just couldn't get any money to pay with.

Please take notice that they were behind with their taxes just three years—just exactly the same time that Wilson has been astraddle of our necks.

Poor old Miss Democracy had better be careful or she will fall down her own throat and break her neck.

Europe was "prepared." Where is Europe's peace?

Notice to Club-Raisers.

The regular price of the Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year for single subscriptions, or 10 cents a year in clubs of five or more. At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples in to good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. When sending in clubs, please remember the following points:

DO NOT SEND STAMPS. It is a lot of trouble for us to get them turned into cash. Remittance should be made by registered letter, express or post office money order.

Be sure to write each name and address very carefully. You might write a good hand, but if you are not careful in writing each name, it will not be so plain to the person who is not used to your writing. MORAL: WRITE PLAINLY.

If, after a reasonable time your club members do not receive their papers, write to us about it. But be sure to give the name and address of each complaining subscriber. It is impossible for us to make an investigation unless you give the name and address of each person who does not receive the paper.

And remember, DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

Address all communications to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, Boomer, N. C.

ANOTHER SMART FOOL.

Upwards of fifty different papers and magazines from all parts of the country reach my office here in the backwoods. Some of them are good, some are bad, and some are not much of either—while others are interesting merely as freaks and curiosities. In the latter class E. W. Howe's Monthly, of Atchison, Kansas, is worthy of mention.

This same E. W. Howe's Monthly is one of these-her all-editorial sheet, everything in it being written by the editor—so he says. And I guess he writes it, all right, for since Elbert Hubbard died I don't know of any man living except Ed. Howe who is a smart enough fool to write such brilliant rot.

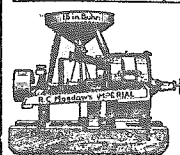
It is a clear case that Ed Howe is badly mashed on himself, and if he was one-tenth as smart as he thinks he is, the rest of us wouldn't have any sense at all. He is trying his doggondest to straddle around in the literary brogans of the late Elbert Hubbard, and his mouth is watering for some of the coin that Elbert got for selling out to the plutes. Whether Ed gets the coin or not, he never fails to put in a stiff bid for it.

The alleged mind of this great Kansas editor seems to revolve around the gold-plated delusion that whatever the master-class says or does is all right, while any sentiment favorable to the submerged millions is necessarily false and dangerous. Put Ed Howe's writing in a pipe and hire some fool to smoke it, and you can see Plutocracy in every puff.

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Europe was "prepared." Where is Europe's peace?

Doggon it all, if you don't send in another club to The Fool-Killer party soon, I shall hold you to a "strict accountability."



THE IMPERIAL IRON FRAME CORN MILL

Equipped with cleaning fan, roller, safety spring and genuine Rowan white flint burrs; built entirely of steel and iron on wood skids. The stone housing is machine turned and the burrs are ground to a running face, the stones always in line, making the highest quality of sweet table meal—not in any trust, send direct to purchaser. You cannot buy a better mill at any cost. Write for catalog.

R. C. MEADOWS, Box F. POORS KNOR, N. C.

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Europe was "prepared." Where is Europe's peace?

Send along that club of ten or more today.

An exchange says the devil is gaining on the churches. Gaining nothing! He's done caught up and joined and been baptized.

You never expect a story to end the way you think it will. If it did there would be no surprise in it. Hence if a story has a surprise ending you are not surprised, but if it don't you are.

When you get me convinced that a hand-saw is a good thing to shave with, I will then be getting just about crazy enough to believe that the Rockfellers are the friends of labor.

"What would you do if you could live your life over again?" inquiries Marion Harland in a magazine article. Well, for one thing, Marion, I wouldn't waste any time listening to political promises, and that would help some.

Europe was "prepared." Where is Europe's peace?

A couple of lovey-doveys named respectively Grass and Hopper were married in Kansas the other day, and the local paper headed the wedding notice "Grass-Hopper." But the real "hopping" began when the groom got after the editor with a shotgun.

Listen at this from Millionaire Vincent Astor: "The condition of the laboring people has greatly improved during the last few generations." How many generations has young Vincent been living and observing labor conditions, I wonder? Do we go to a jewelry store to buy our shoes? Do we consult a music teacher about when to plant taters? Then why in the blistering blazes do we need a perfumed waterspout from a millionaire's family tree to tell us about our own condition? Don't we know better than that?

Europe was "prepared." Where is Europe's peace?

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

GET A COPY OF THE GREAT SONG

"Henry Dubb"
Written from Comrade Ryan Walker's account. Price 10 cents each; \$1.00 per dozen; \$7.50 per 100. FRANK SHELTER, Muncie, Ind.

YOU'LL Get cards and have friends and sweethearts everywhere. Membership 10 cents. WORLD-WIDE CARD CLUB Dept. FK, King, N. C.

FORD JOKES AND STORIES A Literary Joy Ride. Sixty laughs a minute and that's going some. This new 64 page Book is a great fun producer. Post-paid 10 cents with our new catalog. NEWSUM BOOK Co., Dept. FK, King, N. C.

"LIFE OF NAOMI WISE" A true story of a Beautiful Girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph county N. C. About 10 years ago. We include the song of "NAOMI WISE" with the Book, which has been printed and substantially Bound. All sent for 10c and for 12 cents with our new catalog. NEWSUM NOVELTY Co., Dept. FK, King, N. C.

GREASE YOUR GUTS!

Oh, say, you poor, skinny-shanked, half-starved Rubes! You have been bemoaning the sad fact that you were not able to buy enough meat at the present price to keep your family's insides properly greased. And the human machine does need greasing now and then. So it was beginning to be a sorter gloomy outlook, with the shadow of the meat trust looming bigger every day.

But dry your tears.

Cut out them pitiful weeps.

Throw up your hat and shout for joy.

The country has been saved from an awful calamity, and the American belly can still be greased.

Who is our blessed benefactor? Why, nobody but Johndee—the same Johndee who has already deprived himself of poverty in order that we might have enough of it—poverty, I mean.

Yes, sir, Johndee has given the meat trust a black eye for shore certain, and it don't matter now if you never see another slab of sow-belly.

Pick up just any paper or magazine these days and you are apt to see a big advertisement headed "NUJOL", and signed at the bottom, "Standard Oil Company."

By reading the glowing advertisement you will become wise to the fact that "Nujol" is a colorless and tasteless mineral oil—made out of kerosene, of course—and that it is very useful to lubricate your intestinal tract and keep your inside machinery running smooth. Here—tune up your gourd fiddle and try these few snatches of Johndee's latest greasy melody:

"Obstinate cases of chronic constipation, which no longer respond to the usual laxative and cathartic remedies, may be successfully treated by use of Nujol as an internal lubricant. The mineral oil treatment for constipation has received the unqualified endorsement of leading specialists both in this country and abroad. Nujol is odorless and tasteless, absolutely neutral, and is not digested or absorbed into the system. It acts merely as a mechanical lubricant."

And so they are putting the human machine in the same class with a steam engine or an old rusty cornsheller. We must graze the oil can and squirt lubricating oil into our joints and bearings, and then drink the can dry to grease our growling guts. We will not be human beings any more; but just ordinary working machines, and we will let Johndee grease us with this new-fangled belly-wash till everything goes easy.

We have probably needed "Nujol" from the foundation of the world; but we didn't realize our need until Johndee took a notion to sell it to us. But now, having once learned of our awful, ungreased condition, and not even a meat-skin in the house, we could 'nt possibly live a week without "Nujol."

As Elbert Hubbard would have said, "Theresa, please pass the Nujol bottle."

A SERMON ON BILLY SUNDAY

Say, com. to think about it, The Fool-Killer has never had very much to say about Billy Sunday and his circus. Might just as well say a few words right here. Call this a sermon if you want to. Or call it anything else you doggon please. It contains my honest opinion about a few things, and if you don't like it, you can just go off and bite yourself.

I ain't going to discuss Billy Sunday's theology. This is not a theological paper. If there is going to be a heaven up in the air somewhere, and we can all manage to get to it, we ought to be satisfied when we get there. But hang-taked if it ain't purty tuff for poor people to have to starve to death in order to get into that heavenly home. Most of us would be willing to wait awhile for the wings if we could have decent fare here.

But there's the rub. Billy Sunday rides around on his high-theological horse and never touches the ground anywhere. And it's the ground that we poor folks have to live on in this world. Therefore Billy preaches clean over our heads and never touches us. To begin with, Billy starts out wrong—end foremost. He tries to save souls after they are lost, but he don't care a cuss about keeping them from getting lost. He is like the doctor who wants you to get sick so he can "cure" you at so much per. Where Billy saves one soul, a thousand are damned by the awful conditions that he absolutely refuses to open his eyes to, or to preach about.

Jesus Christ dealt with causes. Billy Sunday pays no attention to causes, but makes a dickens of a fuss over effects. He considers it more important to save the wreck of a life than to save a life from being wrecked.

It is a poor doctrine. At best, it is only a half-gospel. When a man is cold and hungry in body he is in no humor to have his soul messed with. If Billy would preach against the industrial evils of this wicked world one half as hard as he spels about heavenly glory, he might not be so popular, but he would be shooting a heap nearer the mark.

Who pays Billy Sunday all those thousands that he gets for cutting his didoes? Not the poor and needy—gosh no! The money comes from the rich, and it goes out with a string tied to it. Billy is the very boy they have been looking for to waft the public mind up into the skies while they swipe everything on earth.

Now listen! I am going to wind up this sermon with a quotation from a letter which Prof. Scott Nearing writ to Billy Sunday about the time Billy was "saving" Philadelphia at so much per whoop:

"Make no mistake: The chief priests, scribes and Pharisees of Philadelphia will never crucify you while you deal in theological pleasantries. Has it occurred to you that their kindness is in return for your services in helping

them to divert attention from real pressing worldly injustice to heavenly bliss? Turn your oratorical brilliancy for a moment against low wages, unemployment, monopoly and special privilege. Before you leave Philadelphia, will you speak these truths? We pray, "Thy kingdom come on earth." While exploitation and social injustice remain, the Kingdom of Heaven never can come on earth, and never will."

CORRESPONDENCE.

D. H. SHELL, 331 Jefferson St., Okolona, Miss.—A copy of your paper accidentally fell into my hands, and I began to read a few items from it to a crowd of my friends who were so delighted with your style that we at once formed a club of ten. Enclosed is the list of names and money order for one dollar to pay for them. Your paper is "hot stuff."

MAJ. L. R. SMITH, Box 58, Owensville, Mo.—Have just seen your paper for the first time. Have learned more from reading one copy of The Fool-Killer than all the editorials of shanghai roosters with one feather in their tails found in the "great papers" of our land. Enclosed find remittance for one year.

J. A. AXSOM, Box 2, McMinnville, Oregon.—I am sending you ten cents and ten names in accordance with your advertisement which I saw in Appeal to Reason. I have often heard that The Fool-Killer was dead. Now if you have him resurrected, or have a new and better one, send him along. We need him. I've always thought the Old North State could raise something better than copperhead peas and crab-grass. I've dug up many bunch down in Old Surry County. No matter where you go, life seems to be just one d— thing after another.

A. W. WILSON, Vass, N. C.—Enclosed you will find one dollar for ten doses of your stuff for one year. I hope 1916 will prove a year of success with you and The Fool-Killer. I will do the best I can for you at all times. I truly hope your wife is well again.

F. M. SMITH, Bascom, Fla.—Please send your little paper to the enclosed addresses for one year. A few days ago I happened to get hold of a copy of The Fool-Killer, and fell in love with it and want the paper right on. So I decided to subscribe. Then I thought about getting up a club, so I got six besides my own. I will try to get a larger club a little later. We all wish to get the January issue, and hope we are not too late.

J. S. EDWARDS, R. 3, Box 45, Greenville, N. C.—I saw your paper called The Fool-Killer and was so enthused over its contents I couldn't help trying to get up a club of names for it, which you will find enclosed. They all think it the very thing we all need, for we have an abundance of fools down this way that need a lot of your medicine, and wish you could dish it out with double strength, for the disease is of long standing and deeply rooted. We all believe that we can stand at least one of your hottest applications. I would like to have a few doses to distribute among some more afflicted ones that are not on this list, and I think I can send you some more subs later. Hope you may live long enough to purge us fools of all our impurity and keep on with the good work. I herewith enclose you a postoffice money order for \$2.10.

JOHN T. HALL, Vevay, Ind.—Enclosed find money order for 80 cents for which send The Fool-Killer one year to the enclosed names. I didn't try to get up a club, but every man I showed my paper to wanted me to send his name and dime for his sub. And because it is a good thing I am glad to help you push it along.

R. F. JOHNSON, R. 2, Weston, Oregon.—My son, John Johnson, hav-

ing become a subscriber for The Fool-Killer, I thus happened to see and read your issue for December, 1915. Now I have become very greatly interested in that particular number, so much so, in fact, that I ask you to send me at once a bundle of that issue, and I will take pains to get them scattered out among the people and will send lots of them away through the mail, and will gladly pay the required postage to mail them. The Fool-Killer I consider a most appropriate name for that paper, judging by its spicy contents, and which I consider is very much needed to-day to wake the people up to a realization of the world's deplorable and corrupt condition—greed and graft rampant everywhere in both the social and governmental machinery. Yes, the people need to be awakened to the fact that they themselves are fools. Kill the fool by making him wise. Learn him to use his own brains instead of having all his thinking done by proxy.

J. R. LEE, Newville, Ala.—A copy of your paper fell into my hands, and I think it the best I ever read. Enclosed find fifty cents to pay for five subs.

J. J. DOPSON, Strong, Ark.—Hay! Hay! Look this way! A few words to the blessed little Fool-Killer. You can't hold a good thing down. It's just like true love—it keeps growing—and as they read it they become wise to the facts of our rotten government. Press on, boys. The bottom rail will get on top yet. Stay by The Fool-Killer. She is small, but as full of truth as an egg is of meat. Here is a list of ten new subs and a dollar to pay for the

WM. I. BENTLEY, Loganville, Ga.—I have been a silent admirer of your spicy little paper for some time. Have thought for a good while that I would help circulate it, but have been busy at work and taking subscriptions for some other papers. But the last issue was so very fine that it has worked me up. So here I come with Two Dollars—one dollar for ten yearly subs and one dollar for 200 copies of the January number. It's a recognized fact that there's got to be a fool-killing, and I think it's best to blow them up with some of your literary dynamite.

B. F. PURCELL, Lew, Ga.—I obtained a copy of The Fool-Killer from a friend about a year ago, read it wanted more. So I sent in a club, and since then The Fool-Killer has pread like a prairie fire on a windy day. Your paper is the general topic of conversation here. I often hear people say, "I have seen many good papers, but The Fool-Killer has got all their wheels chocked." So continue to hit 'em heavy till they are cured. Enclosed find 70 cents for subs.

LITERARY FAME.

Speaking of famous writers, what do you know about William Dean Howells? Of course you have seen his name in print. And you have also seen it stated that he is America's greatest living novelist. But if you can mention off-hand a single book that he has written, you can beat me. And I claim to be tolerably well posted on books and authors.

One of my hobbies is collecting book catalogues and studying them like school-books. All the worth-while authors are listed in these catalogues, but William Dean Howells is not there. His books are either too good or too bad to be advertised with other books, and hence if I wanted to buy one of them I wouldn't have any idea where to find it. Howells may be a famous writer, but it's a mystery to me what he is famous for. His books are certainly not known.

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 6

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 1916.

NUMBER 12

A NEW SPRING SERMON

Well, beloved, I spoze it's gittin about time for me to oil up my sermon mill and preach you another sermon on Spring. If you remember, I have been giving you one or more sermons on Spring in The Fool-Killer for the past six years. You have allers smacked your lips like they were good, and I dreamed last night you wanted another one. So here it am.

Of course, judgin by the temperature of the March wind as it plays tag with a feller's threadbare coat-tail, Spring ain't hardly got here yet; but I can smell her comin over the hill just tuther side of next week.

After going through the sufferings and hardships of a rough winter, the timely arrival of gentle Spring is like swapping castor oil for sourwood honey. It is like being waked up out of a bad dream by the kiss of an angel. It is like getting a divorce from cold feet and marrying the queen of comfort.

The man who does not feel a two-hoss thrill of unutterable joy esaper through his frost-bitten soul at the coming of Spring has got something bad the matter with himself. He was either made wrong, or put together wrong after he was made.

When young Spring takes old Winter by the slack of the pants and tosses him back into the Valley of Used-to-be, there is a general jubilee of rejoicing throughout the kingdom of Nature. All the young green things come out and take off their hats and bow to each other as politely as a young rooster presenting his pullet sweetheart with a new-found worm.

Even the green young men and the green girls catch the infection of Spring, and before the doctor can get ther, it has developed into a hopeless case of puppy-love and they swear they don't want to get well.

Spring is very modest, and also very uncertain, especially during the first stages of her coming. You can't always know just what to expect. Sometimes she will send a warm day ahead to advertise for her, and then she will fail to fill the appointment. Again she will drop in as unexpectedly as a man who has borrowed money from you and has come to-borrow more.

Woodpile says he always accepts an invitation to a fight. He means, of course, that he likes to look on from a safe distance and see somebody else fight. So did Nero of Rome.

REPUBLICAN PRAYER.

Oh, thou almighty, all-toothy and all-specky Toothadore Specksvelt; thou who kickest mountains out of thy way and swalloweth bears and lions even as a boy swalloweth watermelon seeds; thou whose whisper soundeth like the escaping steam from a busted boiler, and whose frown withereth thine enemies even as the August sun withereth a cabbage leaf. Behold, we come sneaking into thy terrible presence once more in the attitude of meekest humility. Even as a nigger's foot flatteth itself in the mud, so flatteth we ourselves upon our bellies before thee.

O thou great T. R. Eat-em-alive, thou rememberest the good old days when thou didst go in and out before us; yea, verily, when thou didst lead us to victory as easy as a purty gal jumpeth a branch. The mere mention of thy name scattered all opposition, even as the smell of itch-grease scattereth a Sunday School class. Thou didst preside at the pie-counter with great dignity, and we were always on hand at meal time.

Thou didst raise thy finger at us, and we stood still to recieve thy commands.

Thou didst command us to holler, and we hollored.

Thou didst command us to vote, and we voted.

Thou didst take snuff, and we sneezed.

Thou didst eat onions, and our breath was strong.

Sweet and pleasant to us, Great Toothadore, is the memory of these happy days when thou and we were one and inseparable. No thought of discord entered our minds, and the man who could have prophecied a break between us would have been laughed to scorn.

Time passed.

It always does.

And no man has yet been able to stop it.

An then, great Prophet, there came the evil days in Chicago, when the devil got into us and we rolled the cruel Steam Roller over thy prostrate form. Then thou didst get up and stake thyself and organize the Bully Mooseveltters. Also thou swore a terrible swearment against us and declared that thou wouldst never pitch horse-shoes in our back yard any more. In our strange frenzy, O Prophet of Punk, we rejoiced at thy undoing—but behold in the same hour we were undone also.

And we are still undone.

To-day we are seeking diligently for a leader who can pilot us

out of the swamp of defeat into the highway of victory. We have raked over the political remains of our party with a fine-tooth comb, and our search has been as fruitless as hunting for the rainbow's ead. Therefore we again turn our loaging eyes toward thee, O thou Shadow of Forlorn Hope. We humbly beseech thee to forget the past and stick thy number tens under our political table again. Let us give thee another joy-ride on the Elephant's back.

O great Toothadore, we are ashamed of ourselves for what we have done. We can now see that it was all a terrible mistake. We therefore gladly repent of it in hog-hair and ashes. If we had not fought against thee at Chicago four years ago we would not now be in such a sad plight, and our enemies, the Woodenrollererats, would not be gloating over us as they are to-day.

Therefore, O Babblor of Bunk, hear us! Give heed to our supplication! Take note of our distress signal! And may all former ill feeling be melted away in the warmth of our appeal. Bring thy crowd and come back to us. Or else let us bring our name and come over to thee. Anything, Master Toothadore, just so we get together. That's what it will take to beat the Scrats and get the pie. Even so be it. Amen.

BOOMING AT BOOMER.

Some folks said it would kill The Fool-Killer to move it. But if they could see the way the clubs are rolling in here at Boomer they would talk out of tuther side of their mouths. It has actually surprised me the way the business has gone right on booming in spite of the fact that I got awfully behind with the work and haven't caught up yet. I naturally expected the moving to slow it down a little for a month or two, but it didn't. On the other hand, it seems like the folks have just fallen in love with Boomer. The name is so short and easy to remember that they just delight in addressing letters here. Keep it up, friends! Let's make BOOMER the publishing center of the South. There is nothing to hinder The Fool-Killer from having a million subscribers if you will all just keep your shoulders to the wheel. Hurrah, everybody!

The average soldier has no country to lose,

And therefore he has none to save;

His real estate is all stuck to his shoes—

He don't own enough for a grave.

"FOOL-KILLER" STYLE."

I dunno why, but somehow a great many people throughout the country have sorter teeken a fancy to my home-made style of gab. I didn't know I was doing anything great, but if my forty-five thousand subscribers are good judges it must be a fact that I have blazed a new trail through the editorial wilderness. Every day's mail bring dozens of letters just slopping over with praises of the fool stuff I write for these colyums.

And I have been trying to figger it all out and discover the cause of The Fool-Killer's wonderful popularity. One conclusion I have reached is this: Plain honesty and sincerity of purpose, mixed with a little wholesome fun, must be the key to the whole thing. I have always tried to impress my readers with the fact that I am terribly in earnest about what I say, even though I DO say it in a droll, home-made sort of manner. Some writers are funny, and others are serious, but I have managed to mix fun and seriousness a little more successfully than any other writer ever did.

When I first started out to be a writer I made the same mistake that so many others do. I tried to out-do the Dictionary in the use of big, high-sounding, devil-choking words that hadn't been used enough to wear the paint off of 'em. But a few years of experience cured me of that foolishness. I gradually got wise to the fact that a writer must keep his feet on the ground. Especially if he is writing for common folks to read, he must use the plain, everyday language of the common folks.

I never in my life dreamed of being a "funny writer," but just as soon as I dropped into the natural, easy, everyday dialect of the masses, my readers began to laugh like they would split their fool sides open, and they have been laughing ever since. To save my gizzard I can't see what they are so tickled about, but I shore do love to hear 'em haw-haw, just the same.

And I guess that's the way this here "Fool-Killer Style" got started. I see lots of little editors over the country are trying to imitate it. I am the originator of "Johndee," "Woodpile," "Toothadore Specksvelt," and other similar expressions now in common use. But if you want the shoe-nuff original, I spest you better read The Fool-Killer.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, Editor.
Boomer, North Carolina

One year to your heart 25 Cents
In clubs of Five or More 10 Cents.
Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear-sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange.

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thought some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seduction of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at last turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Poverty is never lonesome. It has a house full of relatives, and more coming on the train.

Even after financing his peace expedition to Europe, Henry Ford says he still has more money than he knows what to do with. Henry may have to call on Carnegie for advice about getting rid of it.

Editorial Paragraphs.

It is human to sin, but it is devilish to brag about it.

Sudden happiness has been known to kill people, but I would rather die that way than any other way I can think of.

The Brandeis appointment to the Supreme Court bench affected Wall Street sorter like hitting a man in the belly with a baseball.

It would be a mighty bad president who didn't do a few good deeds. Brandeis is one bright star in Wilson's crown, anyhow.

What in the very dickens does a "vote of confidence" amount to when there is no confidence? It amounts to a great big bare-faced lie, that's what.

A very appropriate song for Democratic administration leaders to sing just now would be this: "We Don't Know Where We're Going, But We're On Our Way."

When these big official ducks who are so durned hot for military conscription get ready to be conscripted themselves, then the rest of us will talk about it. Ain't that fair?

According to the Chicago Daily News, the Republican party is made up largely of presidential candidates. And yet nary one in sight that will even do for a make-shift. I declare it's a plum pity.

At a time like this, "international law" is just about as effective in governing the conduct of blood-thirsty nations as a yarn ravelling would be in holding a runaway stud-hoss.

It's all right for Wall Street to have a whole bench full judges to look after her interests, but for the common people to have just one is a terrible crime. Why don't somebody faint right quick?

"What an ideal leader Claude Kitchen would make if the Democratic party were going the other way," remarks the New York Morning Telegraph. The right way, for instance.

Say, Mister Christian Patriot, stop right where you are just a minute and ask yourself this question: If Jesus Christ were living in America to-day, would He be in favor of a bigger army and a bigger navy? Just let that seak in awhile.

Fatty Taft has been heard from again. He has shifted his belly over on the other knee and opened a gap in his smile big enough for this wise remark to come out at: "The Republicans would lose with Roosevelt and the Democrats with Wilson." We are supposed to have forgotten that anybody ever lost with Taft.

We picture heaven so far away that we must have wings to fly to it; and then the devil comes along and clips 'em, and we have a good excuse for not going.

A PERSONAL HAND-SHAKE.

When the preacher gets through with his sermon he usually comes down out of the pulpit and shakes hands with the audience. Well, Comrades, I am about done preaching for this go-round, and now comes the hand-shake.

Even in my sermons I try to get as close to your hearts as possible, but it isn't quite like getting right down among you, so to speak, and talking to you direct.

You-all don't seem a bit like strangers to me. I have become so well acquainted with you through your letters that you seem like old friends. Of course new friends are being added to the list every day, but they soon get to be old friends, and I want you all to feel that I am just one of you—no bigger, better, richer nor smarter than the rest of you. I have my troubles and disappointments just like you do. Only I think mine are worse than yours. And you are just as certain that yours are the worst. But they are all bad enough, no doubt. So let's not fall out over that.

Now looky here. Some of you have been writing me some awful impatient letters about The Fool-Killer being behind time and not reaching you regularly. Yes, I know it, and I regret it a heap more than you do, but I haven't been able to help it. This building and moving has been something else besides fun, believe me, and I positively couldn't do all that was to do and get the paper out on time. So I have decided that the best thing I can do is to miss the March number and date this one for April. That will get me sorter caught up, and I'm going to make a desperate effort to not get behind any more. All subscriptions will be extended one month so that you will get just as many papers as if the March issue had not been missed.

Maybe you don't know how much hard, grinding work it takes to get out an edition of 45,000 Fool-Killers. But if you think it's a little easy job I wish to goodness you had to try it once. It takes more work and more different kinds of work than you ever dreamed of. First of all, and hardest of all, is writing the fool dope to print in the paper. It would be a waste of time, labor and material to send out a paper with nothing in it. Of course I could fill up with plate matter and medical advertisements, but that wouldn't interest anybody. My 45,000 subscribers are just standing up on their hind legs and howling for my own original fool gab, and I've just got to grind it out whether I feel like it or not. After nine years of sorrow and suffering on account of my wife's awful affliction, I certainly don't feel very frisky and funny. Many times I have tip-toed out of the sick-room, wiping the tears out of my eyes, and cut a monkey-shine on paper to amuse you folks. And there is nothing in sight except to keep right on doing that. But it

ain't easy. And it ain't a bit funny to me. But if the blamed stuff is worth a dime, and you want to pay for it and laugh at it, that's up to you. I ain't trying to cheat you out of anything. I want you to be satisfied, whatever happens.

And if you like the fool paper well enough to show it around among your friends and get up a club every few days, that would be a mighty good way to tickle me. I just enjoy being tickled that way. Suppose you try it.

And if anybody fails to get their paper, just notify me in a friendly way, but please don't "cuss me out." I am doing my very best to keep everything straight.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES L. PEARSON,
BOOMER, N. C.

NO END TO IT.

Representatives of all the great powers had met informally at a club in Washington. The talk turned on "Preparedness," and there was a good deal said about President Woodpile's recent declaration that the Benited States should build the greatest and strongest navy in the world—one that would be "unconquerable," as Woodpile expressed it.

Jo See Fuss Dan Yells was there to speak for the Benited States.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Jo See Fuss, "we are going to build the greatest and strongest navy in the world. Me and Woodpile have done got that settled."

"All right, go to it," says the unofficial representative of the British, "but by the time you get your 'greatest navy' half done we will have started one still greater. If you can get ahead of where we are now, we can take another step and get ahead of where you will be then."

"Yes," says the man from Germany, "and we can take a still bigger step forward and get ahead of both of you."

"And we," spoke up a little Jap from back in a corner—"we will pitch in and get ahead of all of you. When it comes to building big navies, you can't bluff us Japs."

"All right," says Jo See Fuss, "in that case, the Benited States will turn around and build one still bigger than the biggest."

But how long would that biggest remain the biggest? asks the man from England. "Don't you see anything that can be done can be out-done?"

And everybody looked at everybody else and said nothing.

But they probably did some thinking.

Did you ever think any?

Try it one time.

Please do!

I have just finished wading through that popular book of 'new poetry' called "Spoon River Anthology," and my mental appetite feels like I had swallowed two hundred and seven pages of clabbered moonshine flavored with the smell of a hog-pen.

BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER.

Foolville,
Stait ov Ignorunce,
March the two-ih.

Deer Mister Editor:

I guess you an your reeders must mitey neert a dide with dis appintment at not gittin a letter from me last munnth. I wuz offul sorry to disappint you so, but it coodent be hepped.

Did you heer whot a offul time weunsen had on accout ov mi last letter? Wel, hit wuz a site. The Capm he got holt ov yore paper containin mi letter, an hit made him fitin mad. He sed I wuz a littul fool and dident kno whot I wuz a talkin about. He sed ef I dident quit ritin fer the papurs I wuz liabul to let the cat out ov the bag. I wonder whot he ment by that? I haint seed no cat in no bag, hav you?

The Capm must a bin jist a jokin, kase I dident see nothing fer him to git mad at, but he shore did ack lak he wuz mad, awl rite. An that's the reezun I dident rite you nary letter last munnth. I wanted to giv the Capm time to sorter cool off, an I speck we better not let him kno about this letter. Pleez dont send him nary paper, an he wont kno I hav rit.

You see we-uns is sorter under obligashuns to the Capm, an we gotter keep him in a good youmer ef possibul. We air in det to the Capm fer everything we hav lived on this winter, an Paw sez he don't kno how we wil ever git it pade. In this connectshun I wil give you a conversashun what me an Paw had with ourselvs tuther day:

"Paw, whot is a det?" sez I.

"A det," sez Paw, "is sumpthin what you owe sumbody else. Hit represents the valyer ov sumpthin you hav got frum sumbody an haint pade fer."

"Why air we in det to the Capm, Paw?" sez I.

Kaze he has furnished us our living awl winter," sez Paw.

"How cum him to hav sich a plenty ov everthing to furnish, we we-unses aint got nuthing?" I next inquired.

"Kaze he had sumbody to make a heap ov stuff fer him," anserd Paw.

"Who made it?" sez I.

"We-unses made it," sez Paw.

"Wel, ef we-unses made it, why dident it belong to us instid ov the Capm?" sez I.

"Kaze it was made on his land," sez Paw.

"Why aint we got no land to make stuff on?" sez I.

"Kaze we air pore folks," sez Paw.

"Why don't we got rich, Paw?" sez I.

"Wel—I—I—dont kno hard-ly," sez Paw, "but hi jist seems like we cant never git no start."

"Aint we got prosperity, Paw?" sez I.

"Oh, yes, we got plenty ov prosper-ity," sez Paw.

"Don't prosperity cause peepnl to hav plenty an git rich?" sez I.

"Y-y-y—s-s-sunntimes," sez Paw, "turning mitey red," "but ye see—"

Notice to Club-Raisers.

The regular price of the Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year for single sub-scriptions, or 10 cents a year in clubs of five or more. At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples in-to good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. When sending in clubs, please remember the following points:

DO NOT SEND STAMPS. It is a lot of trouble for us to get them turned into cash.

Remittance should be made by registered letter, express or post office money order.

Be sure to write each name and address very carefully. You might write a good hand, but if you are not careful in writing each name, it will not be so plain to the person who is not used to your writing. MORAL: WRITE PLAINLY.

If, after a reasonable time your club members do not receive their papers, write to us about it. But be sure to give the name and address of each complaining subscriber. It is impossible for us to make an investigation unless you give the name and address of each person who does not receive the paper.

And remember, DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

Address all communications to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, Boomer, N. C.

Jist then the Capm driv up in his ortymobeel an stopped, an Paw never did git dun tellin me about prosperity an why we aint rich like the Capm. Maybe it aint rite to be so inquisitiv, but Ide jist like to kno.

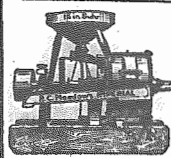
What the Capm stopped fer wus to tell Paw an me about sum fell-er up yander in Kongrus wantiu to warn Americans against travlia on the hi seer in belligerunt ships. I dont kno whot a belligerunt ship is, but the Capm sez we hav a rite to travel in em, an me an Paw aint in favor ov sur-renderin enny ov our rites. It has long bin the kustom fer Ameri-cans to take ther vacashun in Yourope, an it is our duty as free Americans to keep up that nobul custom. It is true that we-unses aint bin to Yourope since two years befoar Grandpap was borned, but Paw sez if he can manage to git us awl sum shuze we will go to Yourope this summer. I donno why he lays partiekler stress on the shu queschn, unless he ames fer us to walk. Seems ter me lak our shuze air fully as good as the rest ov our cloze, an that aint braggin on the shuze, either.

I shore does wisht I wuz old enuff to voat nex faul. Ef we git back frum Yourope in time I may try it ennyhow. I wood luv to march proudly to the poles with Paw an put in a voat fer the good old Redemoean party what givs us prosperity an lets us git rich.

Wel, Mister Editor, I must close, as Maw wants me to go over to Buck Bradley's and see if I can borry an old shirt fer me to wear while she washes this un whot Ive got on. Nex to her religin, Maw's strong pint is kcep in her family clean. She washed this shirt only five weeks ago, an it wuz so ragged then that I had a dredful time gittin back into it. An—jist think!—she wants to wash it agin—areddy!

Yores fer prosperity,

BILLY BONEHEAD.



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R. C. MEADOWS, Box F, POORS KNOB, N. C.

LETTER FROM KLONDIKE.

Dawson, Yukon Territory,
January 30th, 1916.

Dear Editor:

Your Fool-Killer arrived here at 70 below zero all hale and hearty and without frozen toes. He came by way of Benton Harbor, Michigan, from your right bower, Mr. O. M. Southworth, who says: ("It killed three fools here in one day—maybe it will kill three more up in the Klondike.")

So I enclose one dollar for a bundle for a year, not that we have any fools here to be killed, but just to be loaded in case they do come. We who are left are all "Wise Mikes." The fools left years ago after he-ing it here hunting for gold which they soon found out they could never find, and went out to white-salve it in civilization.

Out of our once 50,000 population—mostly fools—we have got down to a business basis of 5,000. Of that there are 17 women. So you can see that we are a he population. I wish to heaven we could be absorbed by the she towns of England, France and Germany. All of us working people would go there were it not for our religious proclivities. You may be surprised to learn that we have a church away up here in the Artic region, and I am one who goes regularly once every 17 years. I went 15 years ago and intend to go again two years hence. At the last going the sermon was on the resurrection of the body, and that put an idea into my head. I made up my mind to die right here where I can get buried in the ever-frozen ground and won't have to go through the uncanny process of being devoured by worms. Here I can remain sound, cold and solid as an icyle until Gabriel blows his trumpet, when I can jump up suddenly, like a Jack-in-the-Box, and be miles ahead of those worm-eaten people who have to be made all over again. I will be like the early Klondike stampedeers who got all the gold, while we who came later got nothing.

Yours for fool-killing,

R. A. FOX.

I Give It Up.

Well, now! I guess I'll just hush up about being the only publisher located out in the woods a long way from a railroad. The Fool-Killer is nine miles from the railroad station, and I thought that was something to brag about. But, Lordy! Here comes an editor from Utah who says he is 75 miles from a railroad. I give it up.

Wait a minute. Let's get this thing straight. The Detroit Free Press quotes Toothadore Speck-velt as saying: "In case of war, perhaps I would go." Reckon who stuck that durned little "perhaps" in there? Shorely to goodness the Big Noise never said that.

New York swelldom is building another \$5,000,000 church in which it proposes to "worship" a poor Carpenter who probably never had enough money at one time to pay for a week's rashions. And if the same humble Christ should come into that church when completed, the stiff-backed flunkies would drive Him out and set the police on Him. All that proud, puffed-up, highbrow "churchanity" is a slander on Christ and a disgrace to civilization.

NICE HOME FOR SALE.

Having moved my family and business away from Moravian Falls, N. C., my nice new residence at that place is now for sale. If any reader of The Fool-Killer in any part of the country would like to buy a home in this section, here is a good chance. The place is beautifully situated right in the center of the village of Moravian Falls. The house consists of seven rooms, all well finished up inside. Large roomy front porch, with open balcony above. Well of good water on back porch. Painted white and trimmed in green. Wired complete for electric lights. Fronts east and south and sets back far enough from the street to give good sized lawn. Some shrubbery started. Good woodshed and stalls for stock. The lot contains perhaps a little more than an acre of good level land, and the whole place is well fenced with wire. Ornamental iron fence around front.

My only reason for selling is that I have moved my family and business to Boomer, N. C., where I am building up a new home, and I don't need the Moravian Falls place any more. I don't like for it to stand there empty and idle, and I could use the money to some advantage. Price, \$2,000. Terms, \$500 cash down, balance six, twelve and eighteen months. This is a bargain, and somebody among my 150,000 readers is going to snap it up. If you want it, be quick. Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
BOOMER, N. C.

Socialism for the FARMER

THE UNION STAR; the first and only Socialist paper with a direct appeal to the farmer. For years the official organ of the Farmers Union in Virginia. "Excommunicated" because it had the courage to advocate the only avenue of relief from the economic woes of the toiling masses, both industrial and agricultural. Every issue strikes sledge hammer blows for the cause of Socialism. Up-to-date six-column eight-page weekly. One Year \$6.00. In Clubs of Four or More, 25c. For Forty Weeks. Ten Weeks Trial Subscription 10c.

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was a wise old fly, and seem-

The awful strain was relieved and we all went in the house and got dinner. In our rejoicing over the death of the fly we had plum forgot the flying machine until we heard it coming. It landed all right and the driver stepped out smoking a new kind of cigar that they use on the planet Mara.

What you fool heatlens need i

Wonder how much the munitions trust is paying Hugh Scott and Len West to root for it!

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 1913.

NUMBER 1

What's the Use?

To come from out an unknown past
Peopled with gods and war,
And into a future still more vast,
And nobody knows what for;
To play a riddlement this game of
life,
Like hurrying ants that crawl,
Embroidered forever in deadly strife—
Oh, what is the use of it all?

To gather truth from wise men's
schools,
And later, by men as wise,
To be assured that those are fools
And all of their words are lies;
To venture all for wisdom's sweets
And see them turn to gall;
When hope with disappointment
meets—
Oh, what is the use of it all?

—James Larkin Pearson.

EXCUSE MY PROFANITY.

Confound it! Durn it! Dad-gum it! Oh, why in the devil won't they allow a feller to cuss a little sometimes? I can't think of any word more modest than a big fat damn that will express my burning indignation at the hypocritical heinousness of some of the things that are being done in the name of charity.

I have been much impressed lately with the great heinablood that the "tender-hearted" plutocrats have raised over feeding the starving babies in the war countries. Now please understand that I ain't raising any kick against having the suffering babies (and also the suffering grown folks) of Europe cared for as much as possible. No doubt the need is urgent enough, and if honest people would give with an honest motive, it would be a mighty fine thing to do.

But wait a minute. Here is the devil of it. Have you noticed the names of the "tender-hearted" givers who are taking such a big interest in this charity business? Well, bless your darling gizzard, they are the very same pack of blood-fattened hell-boys that have supplied the deadly weapons and kept the war going. Everybody knows the war could not have continued this long without help from America. Behold the American munitions-manufacturers weeping over the widows and orphans that their own powder and lead have made. And then out of the fabulous fortunes of blood-money that they have amassed, just watch them flip a few pennies of it back to the starving babies in the name of charity.

Yes, sir! The soulless greed of the American munition-makers is only equalled by their monumental gall. After selling Europe the tools to murder herself with, they think they can buy the respect of humanity by dropping a few hypocritical tears on her coffin. The nerve of it!



ME AND SOME OF MY HELPERS.

A SERMON ON VILLA.

I am willing to venture my reputation as a prophet on the assertion that Villa is either dead or alive, caught or uncaught. I could prove it by Uncle Sam if he were here. But since he is extensively absent and otherwise employed, you will just have to take my word for it.

Anything I write about Villa that ain't true now will be true when it happens, and if you don't get the real facts when you need them, maybe you will need them when you do get them.

Villa-ology was one of the subjects that they didn't teach me when I was in school. That shows what a poor educational system we have in this country. There wasn't even a word about him in my Sunday School lessons, and this is the first sermon I ever heard on the subject.

So you see I am not very well "prepared" to handle this great question. But with Uncle Sam's help I expect to settle it some way pretty soon. All I want Uncle Sam to do is to catch Villa and hold him still for me, and I will gladly make any remarks that need to be made about him.

You mustn't forget that Villa is a Bandit. "Band" has reference to his followers, and he himself is "It". Hence the word "Bandit." The original meaning of the word was "shirt-tail," because when a Mexican in time of war got a serious wound he tore off his shirt-tail to "band-it". Still later, when revolution had so impoverished the struggling armies that they actually had to go in their shirt-tails, they became officially known as Bandits. This information is original and copyrighted, and any infringement will be prosecuted to the full extent of my cuss-word vocabulary.

But we seem to be arriving away from the subject. Let us

depart back to the main line of thought and see if we can learn any less about Villa than we have already succeeded in knowing.

As already, previously, heretofore stated, Villa has lately been classified as a bandit. He started out in life as a bandit, and soon became such a good hand at it that his custom grew very rapidly. He soon had more banditing than he could do, so he had to organize a force of men to help him.

From that, Villa's fame spread all over Mexico. It became a sort of fad among the rich Mexicans to be robbed or killed by Villa and his band. It was considered highly honorable to suffer at the hands of Villa, and it finally got so that the common scrub bandits couldn't hardly make an honest living at their trade.

Whenever anybody in Mexico was seized with a burning desire to be religiously robbed or carefully killed, they always sent for Villa. It was a little more expensive, but it was a better grade of work. And a rich Mexican is never stingy in matters of that sort.

And so it happened that Villa's success as a bandit finally made him able to buy a pair of breeches and some yaller shoes. Presto—change! He was no longer a bandit—he was a PATRIOT!

As a patriot Villa was also a howling success. His handful of followers grew into a vast army and he was hailed as the Savior of Mexico. There was at that time several men wanting the Savior job, but Villa had 'em all skinned a mile. He led his patriotic armies against the patriotic armies of the other Savors, and in a very kind and neighborly manner they cheerfully and obligingly shot at each other from month to month. A good many on both sides enjoyed the patriotic fun so much that they died,

but Villa lived and went on saving Mexico.

Don't forget that Villa was a patriot at that time. His larger operations enabled him to kill more people than formerly, but it was not murder like it used to be. Oh, no!—it was a patriotic duty now, because Villa was now able to strut around in a military uniform. You wouldn't think a pair of breeches could make all that difference, but it does.

But wait a minute. Let's see what next. After so long a time Villa's popularity seemed to sort of play out. His breeches got ragged and his following began to dwindle. People just won't follow ragged breeches. It became known that Carranza had a new pair with pretty stripes up and down the legs, and the crowd flopped over to him.

Villa went from bad to worse. His breeches became strings, and then they dropped off entirely. Again presto—change! He was no longer a patriot—he was a bandit again. When he kills people now it is no longer a patriotic duty—it is murder.

It all is all very sad. If Villa had only been able to keep himself in breeches he might still have been a PATRIOT, and Uncle Sam would not now be down there hunting for his scalp.

To My Correspondents.

One of the things that have to be badly neglected about this shop is my personal correspondence. I have on my desk right now about two bushels of letters that ought to have personal answers, and the writers are probably thinking hard of me because I don't write to them. Now, dear friends, let me assure you once more that my will is good, but my powers are limited. If you could be here and see the stack of letters I have to answer and the little time I have to answer letters, you would no longer be surprised at not hearing from me. Please be patient, friends, and I will answer as many of your letters as possible. And to those who don't hear from me personally I want to give the assurance that I deeply appreciate your friendship and the work you are doing for me, and my inability to answer all your letters is a greater grief to me than it could possibly be to you.

Show The Fool-Killer to everybody you see. It will tickle 'em.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, Editor
Boomer, North Carolina.

One year to your heart . . . 25 cents
In clubs of Five or More . . . 10 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have think some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Maccabean-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church, and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and spiced with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1916.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, Editor and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, the 18th day of March, 1916.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.

My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1917.

YOU AND ME, COMRADE!

Although The Fool-Killer has been mailed at Boomer since February, the printing was done at Moravian Falls up to and including last issue. But I have just now finished moving and setting up my big cylinder press in my new office, and this issue is being printed right here at home. I now have a larger and nicer office than I had at Moravian Falls, and it looks like the efforts of my enemies to ruin me and wreck my business have not amounted to much. True, I have been put to great expense in building and moving, but I am now better fixed than ever before, in spite of the fact that certain parties thought they had me on the downward road and that I would never be able to get on my feet again.

It was all on account of my political views. As long as I went ahead like a blind puppy and yelped for the Republican party I was a mighty handy tool to have around. But the very minute I got my eyes open and began to expose the rottenness and corruption of the old plutocratic parties—right then I became very poison and dangerous.

It was all right for a Republican to denounce the Democrats, and it was all right for a Democrat to denounce the Republicans. That was a part of the political game, and it was necessary in order to keep the people fooled up. But for a man to be so recklessly honest as to declare that both of the old plutocratic parties are equally rotten and corrupt, and that they are not at all interested or concerned in the welfare of the common people—oh, horrors!—that was the most terrible crime ever committed. In their own hearts they all knew that I was telling the truth, but it was such an unpleasant truth that they didn't want it told. Some people are such fools that they would rather go to hell with their "party" than to go to heaven without it. But I am not that sort of a political fool. No man was ever more blindly loyal to the Republican party than I once was. It was all the sense I had. But one day I began using my head to think with, and soon discovered what an awful boob I had been.

Since then The Fool-Killer has been hot on the trail of the plutes, and has used all its energy fighting for the rights of the common people. There is only one political party on earth that takes any interest in the welfare of the workers, and I have committed the awful crime of being in sympathy with that party. That's why the

plutocrats dogged me out of Moravian Falls, using every foul means known to the devil to annoy and injure me.

But here I am in my new home at Boomer, N. C., with my faithful old press grinding out Fool-Killers faster than ever, and over 44 000 loyal comrades ready to fight with me to the last ditch.

And now, dear boys, just because the plutes have tried so hard to destroy The Fool-Killer, let's you and me start in right now and push this thing forward and upward so fast it will make their durned heads swim.

Let each and every person who reads this make it a point to send in at least one club of five or more right at once, and follow it up with others as fast as possible.

Yours till the victory is won,

JAMES L. PEARSON.

TRYING TO KEEP IT HID.

Thunderation and howdy-do! Have you heard about the Ford vote? If you have depended on the Jumping Jingo press for your news, then you certainly have not heard about it. The listen to me:

In several of the Western States, notably Nebraska and Michigan, the vote in the Republican primaries for a presidential candidate was such a surprise that it just about took the breath of the jingo bosses.

Flash!—went the orders to all the jingo papers everywhere to keep it still—to print nothing about the Ford vote.

For the plain, bare-footed facts were these:

Our friend Henry Ford, the Peace Advocate, ran away ahead of everything else on the ticket. And Ford was not even a candidate.

All the big high-mucks of the Republican party are teeth-and-toenail for militarism, but when the common voters of that same party got a whack at the ballot-box, what did they do? Voted almost solid for Henry Ford, the Peace Advocate, that's what they did. And that in spite of the fact that Ford is not a politician, never has been, and never expects to be. Could we ask for any better proof that the masses of the common people are for peace and against this insane hurrah for butcher-knives and blood?

Blame-take it, if the common people of most any party could rule they would do very well. But it's these infernal bigbellied, Mammon-worshipping political bosses that spoil everything.

We might do better than Henry Ford for president, but the chances are we will do a blamed sight worse.

Billv Bonehead is getting more popular every day. Thousands of people are just going into raptures about his letters in The Fool-Killer. Read the one in this issue and you'll know why.

GET AHEAD!

Looky here, comrades, I'm going to start a contest. It don't cost anything to join it except a little work, and there will be lots of honor and bushels of fun in it.

I am printing below a list giving The Fool-Killer's circulation by states. These figures represent the exact number of paid up subscriptions to The Fool-Killer on the first day of May, 1916. I am making no effort to "pad" the list or make it appear bigger than it is. The figures are correct, and they speak for themselves.

Run your eye down this column and see where your state stands. Is it at the top? If not, then roll up your sleeves and go to work to put it at the top. You will notice that Georgia has more than twice as many as its nearest competitor. Hurrah for Georgia! Now I don't want Georgia to do any less than she has been doing, but I want each and every other state in the Union to pitch right in and do its level best to get ahead of Georgia. That's where the fun will come in. Now let's see what state will head the list next month. This is going to be a hot race for Fool-Killer subs. Look out! I am going to drop the hat! Everybody ready? There! Go it, Georgia! Catch her, you other states! Hurrah, everybody!

Georgia	8,684
Texas	3,777
Oklahoma	3,662
Arkansas	2,986
North Carolina	2,458
Alabama	2,440
South Carolina	1,989
West Virginia	1,782
Missouri	1,661
Florida	1,542
Pennsylvania	1,325
Indiana	1,173
Kansas	934
Ohio	913
Louisiana	904
Mississippi	892
Illinois	716
Kentucky	666
Tennessee	599
Washington	519
Virginia	517
California	495
Michigan	465
Iowa	384
Oregon	324
New Mexico	293
Nebraska	288
Minnesota	270
New York	241
Colorado	241
Wisconsin	214
South Dakota	156
North Dakota	147
Idaho	146
Montana	145
Canada	96
Wyoming	78
Arizona	77
Maryland	58
Utah	54
New Jersey	52
Massachusetts	46
Alaska	41
Vermont	32
New Hampshire	23
District of Columbia	11
Panama	11
Connecticut	8
Delaware	8
Nevada	3
Rhode Island	2
Australia	1

Total, 44,535.

To run the powder plute, duPont, for president would be like setting an old tom cat to guard a crock of cream.

A ROOSTER GOVERNMENT.

It was away in the future. No body knows how far. But the wars and wastes of time had killed out the human population until only a few cripples and culls of humanity remained. They were too few in numbers and too weak in intellect to run a government. Hence all the governments of the earth gradually passed into the hands of the chickens.

Now don't you butt in and tell me a chicken has no hands, because you don't know what a chicken had away yonder in the future.

I don't pretend to understand or explain it, but the fact remains that the chicken race had full control of all the governments of earth. A big Rhode Island Red rooster was President of the United States, and his army consisted of five million well trained game roosters.

A terrible war was going on among the rooster armies of Europe. Being mere humans, we are not capable of understanding just what it was all about. But the chickens understood, and all the young roosters were fighting to defend their rights.

As well as I can make out, several of the large mountains of Europe had turned into solid mountains of bugs, and the different chicken governments were fighting for the possession of these bug mountains.

Now it seems that the mountains of America had not yet turned into bugs, but a certain group of capitalist roosters had found a mountain of humbugs which they wanted to sell as real bugs. These capitalist roosters claimed that their humbugs were especially suited to feed rooster soldiers on, because of certain chemical properties which caused the spurs to grow longer and sharper.

The rooster president gave the capitalist roosters permission to ship these humbugs to the rooster armies of Europe in exchange for their real bugs, which were legal tender all over the world. At least, they were legal, and tender enough for a chicken to swallow whole.

Now it came to pass that the capitalist roosters grew very rich from the sale of humbugs, but still they were not satisfied. They seemed to get awfully afraid that the spurs grown on European rooster soldiers by eating American humbugs might some day be turned against America. There was danger of invasion, and a very urgent need of "preparedness." The rooster government of the United States

Notice to Club-Raisers.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at ten cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

must now have a great army of rooster soldiers, and they must be fed on humbugs bought at a fancy price from the capitalist roosters.

So the common chickens of the country allowed themselves to be scared half to death by their rooster president who was being urged on by the capitalist roosters. The common chickens didn't have sense enough to catch onto the fact that the clamor for more army roosters fed on humbugs came entirely from the group of capitalist roosters who owned Humbug Mountain.

So they supported the big army, the real purpose of which was to further enrich the capitalist roosters at the expense of the common patriotic chickens who had to pay the bills. You certainly won't deny that chickens have bills.

Now you may laugh at my story of these poor chickens if you want to. They acted with mighty little sense, to be sure, but we humans didn't use a bit more sense about such things while we were running the world.

About Complaints.

For some unknown reason I have been getting entirely too many complaints from subscribers who say that The Fool Killer does not reach them regularly. There could be different reasons for this, but I have decided that one of the reasons might be the mailing system I have been using. So I am making some changes in the mailing system this month and hope the results will be satisfactory. It is my earnest desire that every person who pays for the paper and wants it may have it regularly.

Those who think all will be harmony in Chicago next month are going to get an awful jolt. Just watch.

JUNK!

"Any rags, any bones, any bottles to-day?"

It's the same old story in the same old way."

See Buck!
Just listen!

Here's another proof that Prosperity is going about seeking whom it may devour.

The junk dealer's voice is heard in the land, and the rag-man has come after your shirt-tail.

Thunderation!

What does that mean?

When people are getting along well and enjoying prosperity they don't bother to save up all the old scraps. They don't need to. They have plenty of better things, and the old scrappy things can go into the junk-pile.

But if the time comes after awhile when these same people get hard up, and their former prosperity is only a sad memory, then you will see them hike out to the junk pile and begin to claw around among the things they once threw away. They are mighty glad now to get even the scraps that they were above using in their prosperous days.

And now, gentlemen of the jury, what does it mean that this "prosperous" country is full of Junk Dealers to-day? Why are the proud and prosperous American people smelling around among the old scrap-piles like a hungry beggar picking his dinner out of the garbage barrel?

If we are so all-fired prosperous now, why do we have to fall back on the junk that we could once afford to throw away?

Every town and village now has its Junk Dealer, and the few dime stores that the people can get for their old rags, old bottles, old scrap-iron and bones, will help some about keeping soul and body together till this "prosperity" quits pinching so hard.

But so far as the rags are concerned, if the Junk Dealer gets all the rags, then thousands of poor folks will be arrested for going naked.

Another "Rooster Government" article, dealing with a different phase of the matter, will appear in the June issue of The Fool-Killer. Don't miss it.

The Home Folks.

The Fool-Killer has never made any efforts to get subscribers about home, but a few of the neighbors just will have it anyhow. My good friend, Mr. T. M. Crysel, of North Wilkesboro, N. C., has just sent in a club of 21. Thank you, Bro. Crysel, that's a fine start. Try it again. Then maybe some more of the home folks will follow your example.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A GENUINE VILLA Mexican \$1.00 bill and a six months trial subscription to The Waterloopian for 25c. Waterloo Publishing Co., Waterloo, Iowa.

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UNION STAR

Brookneal

Virginia

SOME "NEW POETRY."

The best way I can think of
To explain the "new poetry" fad
Is to give you a sample of it.
The whole country is going
And even letting its coffee get cold.
While it reads and discusses
The newest literary sensation.
Everybody is doubled up
In a corner somewhere
With a brand-new copy of
"Spoon River."
Listening to the imaginary
Vulgar mumblings
Of a gang of dead folks.
We have now what they call
A "new school of poets."
Made up of writers like
Edgar Lee Masters, Harriet Munroe,
Louis Untermeyer, Amy Lowell,
And a few others.
They write stuff just like this
That you are reading now,
(I wonder if you really are
Reading this stuff?)—
No more rhyme nor measure—
And they actually have the nerve
To call it poetry.
Don't that tickle you?
It tickles me.

BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER.

Foolvill,
Stait ov Ignorunce,
May the two-th.

Deer Mister Editor:

Weunsens aint gone to Yourope
yit, an Paw sez he is sorter in
hopes we wont hav the plezur ov
goin this summer. It will be a
very happy disappointment to avl
ov us, but we hav suffered from
plezurs ov that sort awl our lives,
an so it dont go hard with us.

For fear you don't find it out
enny other way, Mister Editor, I
will just mention the fact that the
war in Yourope is still goin on.
It has stood the winter as well as
could be expected and now that
the danger ov frost is about over,
the owners ov the war air lookin
forward to a big harvest ov deth.
Tha hav already harvested sevral
big craps ov deth since the war
started, and since so many corpses
hav rotted on the ground it has
becum verry rich and will giv a
bigger yield ov deth to the aker
than it did at fust.

Paw has got afeered that if
weunsens went to Yourope now,
sum ov them soljers mite careless-
ly shoot a few tuns ov scrap iron
through our privit kar, maybe
when we wuz asleep sum-nite, an
that wood hav a tendency to wake
us up an make us nervous. An be-
sides the loss ov sleep and the
damage to our privit kar, it mite
cause an epidemic ov deth to
break out in our famby, which
wood delay the progress ov our
plezur trip long enuff for us awl
to go out an git buried. Weunsens
hav allers bin mitey easy to kill
when we wuz travellin in our privit
kar, an the only reason why we
aint awl dide that a-way before
now is the fact that we aint never
had no privit kar to travel in.
Wuzzent that an awful narrow
escape?

Me an Paw air gettin powerful
interested in politix this spring.
We aint runnin ter no offis, but
the Capin is the Redemocran candi-
date for Kongres in this dees-
trick, an he is dependin on me an
Paw to do our best fer him. The
Capin is goin to furnish Paw sum
campaign munny to buy votes with,
an Paw thinks he can jew down
the fevers on their votes an keep

sum ov the munny. Redemocran
votes air goin to fetch a purty
good price this time kaze it looks
a site like the supply wont be
equal to the demand. But Paw
ames to buy in larra lots an git a
discount. I sorter think this is ou-
chance to git rich. Maw sez sue
can support us by washin, an awl
Paw makes out ov the vote bizness
will be clear profit. I tell you
things hav begun to look up fer
weunsens at last. I node this here
prosperity wood hit us when the
sine got right.

Yores truly,

BILLY BONEHEAD.

A SERMON ON SHAKESPEARE

There! I heard somebody say,
"Golly, ain't that a high-brow
sort of a subject for The Fool-Kill-
er to preach a sermon on?"

Shore enough it is. But you
just wait. The Fool-Killer is a
plum expert at handling high-
brow subjects whenever it ticks.

There seems to be a pretty gen-
eral belief among hcd-carriers,
hoss-traders, and other educated
classes, that a man named William
Shakespeare lived in the world
about three hundred years ago.
He also died about the same time
he lived, or soon afterwards.

We don't know but very little
about Shakespeare's personal his-
tory, and most of what we do
know ain't so. It seems, from
what I can find out, that poetry
was a very common disease in
them days. Shakespeare must
have caught it et an early age,
and he never got over it. The
disease never seemed to hurt the
person who had it, but it was
very painful to other folks. It
was never known to result in
death, except in cases where the
poet personally called on the
editor and submitted his poems.
In such cases, unless the editor's
shotgun refused to fire, there was
usually a fine assortment of poeti-
brains scattered over the editorial
sanctum.

But Shakespeare was smart-
enough to avoid that danger. He
always sent his poems by freight
and kept himself out of sight.

Considering his limited op-
portunities, Shakespeare did very
well as a writer. True, his spell-
ing was pretty bum, and his pen-
manship looked like a section of
stake fence struck by lightning,
but he had some pretty good
thoughts and always managed to
make himself understood. The
great Shakespearean scholars
have corrected and improved his
spelling a good deal, but they have
never been able to do much for
his penmanship.

If Shakespeare had on'y gone to
the extra trouble of having his
stuff typewritten, he might have
got some of it accepted by Com-
fort, The Congressional Record, or
even The Fool-Killer. To my own
personal knowledge, a good many
American magazines have printed
stuff not much better than what
Shakespeare wrote, and I see no
reason why they would have dis-
criminated against him.

But I have one serious charge
to bring against Shakespeare. I
hate to say it, and I don't want

you to mention my name in it at
all, but the fact is, Shakespeare
was the biggest literary thief that
ever lived. Nearly every line he
wrote was stolen from somebody
else. I have no evidence that he
stole from writers who lived be-
fore him time or contemporary
with him; but the way he swiped
stuff from writers who lived after
him was a sin to the crickets. Just
because we modern writers hadn't
been born yet, he took a mean ad-
vantage of us and wrote all the
good things that we were expect-
ing to write just as soon as we got
born and raised. Just lots of the
poems that bear Shakespeare's
name are really my poems. Nature
had them put away where she
thought they would be safe until
I got ready to write them. Then
along came Shakespeare, and
found them first and got all the
credit. Doggoned if it wasn't a
mighty mean trick to play on a
feller.

And so endeth my sermon on
Shakespeare.

LORD HELP OKLAHOMA.

It would be sorter awkward to
be that big all the time, but for
just about twenty minutes I would
like to be six thousand feet high
and weigh as much as one end
of the Blue Ridge. I would like
to wear shoes that would cover
ten miles square, with spikes in
the bottoms so big that every one
would gouge an artesian well in the
ground where I stepped. I would
like to have an arm as long as
the Mississippi River and a hand
on it as big as an ordinary county.

You are wondering what in the
thunder I would do with myself
during that twenty minutes. Well,
honey, I would spend the first
five minutes of it walking from
here to Oklahoma. Then it would
take me about one minute more
to set one foot on the capitol of
Oklahoma and mash the devil out
of the rottenest and most corrupt
gang of Democratic machine
politicians that God ever let live.
Then after kicking a few small
mountains over the nasty mess to
keep it from stinking, I would
still have about thirteen minutes
to spare. Then during the next
eight minutes I would gather up
all the good people of Oklahoma
and tell them to lift up their
heads and shout halleluyah, for
behold the rotten Democratic
machine which threatened to take
away their liberties shall threaten
them no more for ever.

Then the good honest people of
Oklahoma would take charge of
the State government, repea-
tal infernal Democratic Disfran-
chising Registration Law, and
start out anew on the highway of
political justice.

Having thus saved the great
State of Oklahoma from the black-
est disgrace that ever threatened
an American State, I would shake
hands with everybody and start
home. Another stroll of five
minutes would set me down here
at Boomer, North Carolina, just
ready for writing another piece
like this for The Fool-Killer.

Laving a'l icks as'de, I want
to know if you have seen what
sort of a stunt the Donkeycratic

Political Machine has pulled off in
Oklahoma! The so-called Regis-
tration law which it has secretly
saddled upon the good people of
that State is the most infernal
outrage that any set of political
pirates ever tried to perpetrate
against a free people. Even the
naked heathen in the darkest
corner of Africa would resent
such an insult, and the storm of
righteous wrath that the people
of Oklahoma are going to raise
will be worth watching.

Bumping its bloated belly
against the pie-counter is a job
that the Donkeycratic machine is
very fond of, and while it was in
power it proposed to fix things so
it could stay in forever. A new
Registration Law was the big idea.
Disfranchise everybody but the
Gang and the Gang's friends, and
then the people will be helpless.
They can howl, but their howling
won't get them anything. The
Machine can re-elect itself year
after year, and the pie proposition
will be safe forever.

So said, so done. And the now
famous "Disfranchising Regis-
tration Law" is in full force. For
cruel, cold-blooded enstedness and
brazen, bare-faced bulldozing, its
like has never been seen. It has
all kinds of dangerous teeth, and
if a man gets by one of them with-
out getting bit, another is sure to
get him. Any man who opposes
the machine will stand about as
much show as a tallow-legged man
in hades. But on the other hand,
anything from a dead mule to a
bantam rooster can register and
vote IF IT WILL VOTE FOR
THE GANG.

If something don't happen in
Oklahoma, something else is go-
ing to, and it will not be long
about it. If the people lie still
under such an outrageous piece of
political intimidation, they haven't
got the grit that I believe they
have. At this writing a strong ef-
fort is being made to peaceably re-
deem the State by having the Dis-
franchising Registration Law re-
pealed. And if that fails—look
out! Oklahoma's temperature is
getting doggon near to the danger
point, and the next thing it knows
the Democratic Defranchising Ma-
chine may be seeing more stars
than God ever made.

Mr. Satan Devil seems to be
getting more careful about his
private correspondence. He has
probably found out in some way
that his letters have appeared
in The Fool-Killer, and of
course he was awful mad. Here-
tofore it has been no trouble to
get hold of a letter that he has
written to some of his lieuten-
ants on earth, but this time all
my efforts to buy, beg or steal
one have failed. The Old Boy has
no doubt warned his correspon-
dents to be more careful about
letting The Fool-Killer get hold
of his letters. But never mind.
I ain't going to be outdone that
way. I've got a plan on foot that
will be certain to capture a good
one for next month. Look out
for it.

25 Cents
a Year—
15 Cents
in Clubs
of Five
or More.

The Fool=Killer

50,000
Copies
Printed
and
Mailed
Each
Issue.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 1916.

NUMBER 2

Here We Come—Head Us!

Sing a song of conventions,
Candidates galore;
Some with bellies full of pie,
And all a-wanting more.

Hughes upon the Elephant,
Whiskers flying free;
Wilson a-straddle of the Donk,
And Ted—oh, where is he?

Hot times in the country now
Right along till fall;
Where do you and I come in?
Gosh, we PAY for it all.

James Larkin Pearson.

Home-Made Philosophy.

BI UNKEL PETE.

A revolushun iz "truth crushed
tu urth" takin a noshun slae will
git up agin.

An onnist statesman iz the nob-
lest wurk ov God, but tha hain't
much ov a stock left on hand—
about awl sold out, I gess.

Capital iz like a boy hoo haz
bi raised up bi his daddy an mam-
my, an then wants tew turn them
out ov hous an home.

A krunk iz a man hoo haz a
good idy, but the wurd iz tew lazy
tew find it out.

When a man begins tew ware a
plug hat, it iz purty good evi-
dence that he haz eggzausted every
uther means ov callin attenshun
tew his hed.

When a leeder gits tew big fer
hiz breeches, it iz cheeper tew re-
duce him a little than tew git him
a new pair.

A corporashun hazent got enny
sole, but it makes up fer this bi
havin more hands an pockets than
ennytthing els on urth.

We ortent tew be so hard on
the devil, when we legalize the
same kind ov bizness he iz engaged
in.

A dandy iz a poor imitashun ov
the male chicken, which the chicken
wud repent if it wuzent be-
neath hiz dignity.

Politikal pi iz what a feller gits
when he swaps off hiz prinsipels.

The party that iz aulways prom-
isin an never performin needs
sumthin moar than greese.

Dimmyerat iz a man hoo
expected good times an got fooled.

REPUBLICAN PRAYER.

Almighty, All Beardy and All-
Judy Master Hughes, houseest
us here at thy feet, and thou
knowest what brought us here.
Thou knowest that the changing
tides of politics have drifted us
to thy feet, and now we look unto
thee as our political saviour.

Oh, Master Hughes, thou hast
gloriously delivered us from the
bloody jaws of Toothadore
Specksvelt, whom we formerly
worshipped even as we now
worship thee. In fact, if thou
hadst not stepped in and delivered
us, we would now be making this
prayer to him instead of to thee.

We thank thee, great Master
Hughes, for becoming our Moses
in this trying hour. We pray that
thou wilt take up thy judicial staff
and smite the rock of politics and
make the water of victory flow
out. We have not tasted any of
that precious water for four years
now, and we are almost dying
with thirst for it.

And we pray thee, Master
Hughes, to pick up Woodpile by
the slack of the pants and rub his
nose in the mud of defeat. We are
depending on thee to lead us out
of this wilderness of hunger into
the promised land of political pie.
Yes, master, pie is what we want,
and we would endorse anything
or vote for anything for the sake
of pie. We don't know but mighty
little about the issues, and we
care less. If thou knowest what
will be popular enough to beat
the Democrats, just trot it out
and we'll stand for it. Likewise
yell for it ard vote for it. If thou
sayest peace we will be the great-
est peace folks on earth; and if
thou sayest preparedness, then
we will yell for that.

And now, dear master, since we
have placed ourselves in thy
hands, we pray that thou wilt
deliver us from our enemies and
protect us from our fool friends.
Fill us with official pie, then make
us a good soft bed in thy whisk-
ers and let us go to sleep.

AMEN.

All people who are not fools
will subscribe for The Fool-Killer
as soon as they see a copy. Put
yourself on the wise side by com-
ing across with the price. Fork
it over, boys, and enjoy the fun.

GREEN APPLES.

If the p'utocrats and war jin-
goes don't get rid of their little
waiting-boy, Woodpile, and hire a
man who is a better hand to keep
secrets, hang-taked if he won't
queer their whole cussed game
before long.

As an example of Woodpile's
carelessness in letting the truth
slip out now and then, let me call
your attention to a speech he made
before an audience of Washington
highbrcws not long ago. Having
been invited to play a few
jigs on his Princetonian jawbone,
he took his text in the 'levnteenth
chapter of the War and soon had
his month leaking a solid steam
of stuff like this:

"With its causes and its objects we
are not concerned. The obscure foun-
tains from which its stupendous flood
has burst forth we are not interested
to search for or explore."

There you have it hot from the
skillet. Woodpile speaks for his
military masters, and he assures us
that they are not at all concerned
about the "obscure fountains"
from which the great war burst
upon the world.

But why not? One time when I
was a little bit of a dickens going
in my shirt tail I was taken with
an awful severe case of the belly-
hurt. They sent for the doctor.
He came and looked me over and
asked me what was the matter. I
told him there was a 40-horse-
power pain across the small end of
my misery.

"Do you want the pain remov-
ed?" asked the doctor.

"Do I? Just try me and see,"
says I, doubling up with another
spasm of pain.

"Ain't you been eating green
apples?" says he.

"Yes," says I, kinder sheepish-
like.

"Well," says the doctor, "you
just let them green apples alone
and your pain will soon be gone.
That's all the treatment you need.
Good-by."

Now what did that doctor do?

Why, hang-take it, he went to
digging right after the CAUSE of
my trouble, that's what he did.
And there was sound sense in it.
He might have doctored me a
month and let me go on eating
green apples and I would have
died. But he removed the cause
and I was soon well.

Now our great statesmen don't
act with half as much sense as that
honest old doctor. Here is a world
with a bad case of the belly-hurt,
caused by eating the green apples
of boss-rule and private plunder.
To remove the cause would cure
the disease, just like it did in my
case.

But Woodpile says he is not
"concerned" about the cause. Of
course not. He and his military
advisers are afraid to discuss that
feature of the question. They
themselves know the cause of this
war, and of all wars, but they
want to keep that in the back-
ground. It furnishes too much good
juicy graft for their gang, and they
couldn't bear to see it removed.

Oh, shucks in August! To hear
such fellers as Woodpile cavorting
around trying to stop the war, and
at the same time refusing to look
for the cause that started it,
reminds me of the old fool who
had a leaky house. He held an
umbrella over his family when it
rained instead of fixing the roof.

Yes, honey, the "obscure foun-
tains" from which this war burst
forth can be found in the cussed
commercial system that dominates
this world. A few infernal hogs
with nearly everything in their
possession, and fighting for the
rest.

Green apples!

Let's cut 'em out.

It's doggon funny how the rich
folks are always talking about
"the blessings of poverty." In the
eyes of a person who never tried
it poverty may seem like a "bless-
ing," but when a feller has strug-
gled through it for an average
life-time it don't look so alluring.
Anyhow, the rich devils seem
willing enough for the poor to
enjoy all the pleasures of that
great "blessing."

Say, you silly one-gallus boob,
will our American intervention in
Mexico do YOU any good? Have
you got anything down there to
protect? No, drot your measley
skin, you ain't. Then who will
benefit by American intervention?
Why, the American millionaires
who have vast holdings in Mexico!
Gee, ain't you just itching to go
down there and bleed and die to
protect THEIR property?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . . . 25 cents
In clubs of Five or More . . . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rock-eller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange? Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have think some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to, at least, turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1918.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

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Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 15th day of March, 1918.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1918.

IDIOTORIALS.

Liar!

Thief!

Hyopercite!

Mollycoddle!

Dear old familiar words!

Steam-rolled again!

A statesman is a man who never loses sight of the pie-counter.

When a man wants office right bad he will do to watch.

A political campaign is a wild rush for the official pie-counter to see who will get the most pie.

A subsidized press consists of newspapers that are paid to dis tribute lies.

The secret of getting to be a political boss is learning how to lie slicker than anybody else.

Political economy consists in telling all the lies you can, and holding back the truth.

A Democrat is any man who was raised that way and ain't got sense enough to quit it.

Ten-penny nails will now go still higher. T. R. will need so many of them to bite in two.

A republic is a form of government that protects the rich and robs the poor according to law.

A mugwump is one who aimed to light near the pie-counter, but missed it and landed on the outside.

The word "Socialist" is an awful ugly name that the robbers apply to any man who objects to being robbed.

For a poor man to live in this world of greed and graft is sorter like a crippled toad frog trying to jump out of a well.

If there is plenty of work to do, and plenty of workers to do it, then why ain't it done? That's the question.

Congress is a body of men nominated by the political bosses and elected by the people to do the bidding of Wall Street.

Judge Hughes! Let's see, didn't another judge run for president one time? Harker—Barker—Parker—there, that's it—Judge Parker. Wonder if that don't make Hughes sorter uneasy?

GET UP A CLUB, MISTER.

Well, boys, I've tongue-lashed everything else I can think of just now, and I'm going to change ends with my mouth, and talk good to you fellows who have been helping me along. I can spin the yarns and manufacture the sassy talk, but I can't get it circulated without your help. I must depend on my friends to show the paper to their friends and get up clubs.

A great many editors offer premiums to club-raisers, but the price of The Fool-Killer is so low that I can't give premiums. The premium business is a rather "Cheap John" sort of game, anyway, and I prefer to put the paper down as low as possible and let it stand on its merits. I have been going it that way for several years and it has been a success, and I see no reason for making a change.

My regular club rate gives everybody a very nice reduction (giving them the paper at fifteen cents each) if as many as five will club together.

Now, friends, just for the fun of the thing, show this copy to a dozen or so of your friends and ask them to subscribe. Get in a crowd of fellows who like something funny and read them a few pieces from The Fool-Killer, and I'll bet at least half of them will say, "I want that paper for a year." Every blessed one of my present subscribers can get up a club of five or more if they will just half try. Please do this little favor for me, friends. I will appreciate it plum to the bottom of my gizzard.

More Power.

After giving gasoline a fair trial and not being very well pleased with results, I politely walked out and bought me a 12-horsepower steam engine to pull the machinery of the Fool-Killer plant, including presses, pump for water supply, and dynamo for electric lights. With plenty of wood and water of my own right here on the place, I hope the power problem is about settled. Am building another fifty-foot wing to my new office for power-house and machine-shop. Will show you a picture of all my new buildings some day before long.

Carry your Fool-Killer around in your pocket and read it to every body you see.

The Fool-Killer only comes once a month but it makes things hum when it does come.

King George donated \$500,000 to the war fund. That will pay for thirty minutes' fighting.

Life is short, and you'd better get all the good you can out of it as you go along. Therefore subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

Villa has "died" so many times lately that he is beginning to like it. His case seems to prove that dying isn't as fatal as it once was.

It is rumored that the government has some notion of trying to encourage matrimony by giving reduced postage rates on love-letters.

A SERMON ON RELIGION.

And now here comes a sweet-scented billy-doo of a letter from one of the dear sisters away down in Allybam. She writes with perfumed ink on perfumed paper, and probably moistened the envelope-flap with perfumed slobber. Anyhow, it is all very sweet.

After passing some rather doubtful compliments on The Fool-Killer, this good sister takes an awful bad spell of wanting to know what I think about religion. Her gentle soul seems to have become burdened with the fear that I am no saint.

Now, Sissy, that's about right. The last time I had my shoulders examined by a specialist there was no sign of any wings beginning to sprout. Wings would look mighty awkward on me, anyhow, and I couldn't play a harp to save my gizzard.

But in spite of all that, I believe in religion—if it is the right kind. However, it has been my experience that the right kind is mighty doggon scarce these days. Too hang-taked many pretended saints are using their "Religion" as a cloak for their devilment. Long-faced formality and sickening ceremony don't amount to a dried-apple cuss—unless there is the right kind of a heart behind it all. And if the heart is right, the other tomfoolery is not needed.

The man whose whole heart is set on treating his fellow-man right—that man has got the only religion worth having, and he has no more need for a church creed than a duck has for a swimming-school.

Don't I believe in God?

Yes, mam, I certainly do, but I don't believe a heap of the miserable lies that His so-called worshippers tell on Him. Of all the things that people talk about, they talk more and know less about God than anything else.

There is too blamed much of this here far-away, fantastic sky-religion, and not enough common, every-day, practical earth-religion. That's what's the matter with this old wobble-legged world of ours.

I have always noticed that the best things are the scarcest. That being the case, it seems reasonable that the true and genuine Christian religion as understood and taught by Jesus Christ must be the best thing on earth, for it certainly is the scarcest.

They have now discovered that England will have to "git religion" before she can win the victory. And so that's what it takes, is it? Then why in the thunder don't all them "Christian nations" take on a good supply of "religion" and they might every one win the victory. They need Billy Sunday over there to make 'em hit the trail for about a week, and by that time victory would be roosting on every fence post in Europe.

Song of the Slaves.

Lord bless the men who fly and sail,
And drop the bombs like burning hail;
Keep Thou their hands upon the wheel
And make their nerves as true as steel.

Let no unfriendly wind arise
That might upset them in the skies;
Keep their propellers good and stout,
And make the gasoline hold out.

Oh, give them eagle eyes to see
Where enemies might hidden be,
And may they strike the fatal blow
At all who dwell on earth below.

We thank Thee, Lord, that in this age
We can such deadly warfare wage,
And from our armored flying fleets
Rain sudden death on homes and streets.

We thank whatever unseen power
Has brought us to this happy hour,
And given death a pair of wings
To serve our emperors and kings.

O Lord, we common working folks
Are glad to bear these heavy yokes,
And live like dogs and die like slaves,
And rot in ugly, unknown graves.

We love to do the dirty work,
While our dear masters loaf and shirk;
The idle rich we love to please
Who live in luxury and ease.

We furnish men from our own ranks
To kill each other without thanks,
While our dear masters stand afar
And laugh to see what fools we are.

The aeroplane is one more tool
With which we Dubbs can act the fool;
Our masters want it done, and hence
We do these things for want of sense.

James Larkin Pearson.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

I always try to keep a careful watch on the papers and magazines that come to this office to see if they might happen to contain anything written in "Fool-Killer Style" that is good enough to pass along to my readers. Only at rare intervals do I run across something that fills the bill. So the present moment turns out to be one of those rare intervals. I have found something. Found it, too, in a paper where there was very little expectation of finding such a thing. The New York Independent of April 17 contains the following gem from the pen of Ellis O. Jones, and because it is fully as good as if I had written it myself, it affords me real pleasure to rescue it from oblivion and give it to the world:

SEE THE ROYAL FAMILY.

By Ellis O. Jones.

Behold the Royal Family.

Yes. What a scrumptious, effulgent and withal perfectly useless Royal Family it is. What is the Royal Family doing?

It is regaling itself with a certain form of mortal combat called war. That is to say, the Royal Family is fighting.

Ah, but is it not unseemly and altogether *infra dig* for the Royal Family to fight?

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

Oh, but you must remember that the Royal Family does not engage in the fight *in propria persona*.

No? How can that be?

The Royal Family would no more think of doing its own fighting than of shining its own shoes or currying its own horses or running its own automobile or buttoning itself up the back.

How, then, does the Royal Family get its fighting done?

By the use of a carefully selected body of men called soldiers and sailors. When one Royal Family quarrels with some other Royal Family, it is only necessary to order out these carefully drilled soldiers and sailors and have them shoot each other with great zeal, vigor and diligence.

But isn't it rather difficult to get men to engage in such a dangerous occupation?

Not at all. It is very easy. Of all the occupations under the sun, that of soldiers and sailors is the poorest paid, and they are usually ill-treated into the bargain.

It is incredible. How long has it been that way?

It has been that way for a very long time.

How long will it be that way?

As long as hard-working citizens cherish the notion that idle Royal Families are worth fighting for.

In looking over this country for traitors, why not put a big tag on Tom Dixon, that swell guy who is trying to stampede the whole works with his moving picture play, "The Fall of a Nation?" If ever this nation falls, heavy responsibility will rest on Tom for having betrayed us into the hands of our enemies and shown them just where and how to attack us in order to wipe us out. But instead of being denounced as the traitor he is, Tom is being hailed as a great PATRIOT! Bosh!

HOLD YOUR HORSES!

By grannies, we are getting along some. The poor old blind New York Independent is beginning to see just a little out of one eye. In its issue of April 24th it clears up its throat like a Hard-shell Baptist preacher and gives us a few half-baked editorial ideas on "Collective Versus Competitive Armaments."

And what do you think? The Independent scribbler seems to have gotten one corner of a good thought wedged into his seed-tick noggin and can't get it either in nor out. He acts sorter like a calf with its head in the crack of the fence and its mammy bellowing for help.

Finally, after jumping at it a few times like a puppy after a pet pig, he gets his "Preparedness" argument by the tail and drags it across the stage of action as follows:

"The Independent is for preparedness, and yet deploras preparedness. If we stand for preparedness—moderate and unhysterical though it be—we do so only as a stop-gap until the whole competitive system of armaments is abolished. This, we admit, is no small task. But there can be no doubt that once the world has sense enough to substitute the collective system of armaments, under a League to Enforce Peace, for the competitive system of armaments under which the world now so grievously suffers, we shall have devised a scientific formula for changing the colossal rival armaments of the world into a true international police."

Well, confound it, that's sorter the way it rattles in my soap-gourd. But hold on. That ain't the funny part of it. Here we have this college-foundered, high-brow editor cuss trying to tell us a competitive system of national defense is a bad thing to have, and that a co-operative system of defense would be incomparably better. You see he is beginning to get a little glimmering of the co-operative idea—to the extent of applying it to military affairs. But right there he stops, like a balky steer under a shade-tree in August, and you couldn't move him with anything less than dynamite. His reasoner can't open wide enough yet to take in the fact that if co-operation is

good in one place it ought to be good elsewhere.

Gosh, don't mention it! The mere thought of having our present competitive cut-throat industrial system abolished and replaced with a co-operative system—why, man alive, our Mister Independent Solomon-patch would have seventeen duck-spasms all in a pile.

Co-operate to kill and destroy—that's all right. But co-operate to help each other live decent lives—no-sir-e-Bob! Nothing doing! That would be too much like Socialism, and you know Socialism is an awful dangerous thing.

Once upon a time Mistress Peace had a young pet lion that went by the name of Preparedness. But when the lion became large and strong it changed its name to Militarism and tore Mistress Peace limb from limb. This is no idle fable.

Hughes against Wilson is Preparedness against Preparedness. Europe is trying something of that sort, I believe. Uncle Sam had better get a testimonial from Europe as to how she likes it.

A mighty interesting debate could be made out of the question, "Did the daddy of the Bull Moose party desert his child, or did his child desert him?" Choose up, gentlemen!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PILES I suffered with piles for years. Tried everything. At last a common root of the field cured me. You can dig and prepare it for yourself. Name of root and full directions sent for 25 cents. Address: W. T. PEARSON, R2, Boomer, N. C.

13 FUNNY LOVE LETTERS reading two ways, 10c postpaid. Funny? Well, I guess. The Williams Co., Box 60F, Huntsville, Ala.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis in Randolph, Co., N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the Book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents with our new catalog. Newsom Novelty Company, Dept. F., King, N. C.

YOU'LL get cards and have friends and sweethearts everywhere. Membership 10 cents. World-Wide Card Club, Dept. F. K., King, N. C.

Socialism for the FARMER

THE UNION STAR, the first and only Socialist paper with a direct appeal to the farmer. For years the official organ of the Farmers Union in Virginia. "Excommunicated" because it had the courage to advocate the only avenue of relief from the economic woes of the tolling masses, both industrial and agricultural. Every issue strikes sledge hammer blows for the cause of Socialism. Up-to-date six-column eight-page weekly. One Year 50c. In Clubs of Four or More, 25c. For Forty Weeks. Ten Weeks Trial Subscription 10c.

UNION STAR
Brookneal -- Virginia

The Devil's Letter to T.R.

The Hot Place,
June 5th, 1916.

My dear Teddy Boy:

Allow me to offer you my sympathy in this hour of your sad disappointment. Steam-rolled again, by thunder! A few more experiences like this are liable to make you have suspicions that the Republican party don't want you for a candidate.

Dog-bite the hang-taked luck! I am plum disgusted with the way my Republican leaders up there have bungled things. I have tried my doggondest to convince them that you were—my first choice among all the candidates, but they are as stubborn as the Devil (that's me) and refuse to take my advice.

But my dear Teddy Boy, let's not take it too hard. There is still hope. While I deeply regret not getting my first choice, still I am very well pleased with Judge Hughes. If he gets elected I can use him all right, the only difference being that he will require a little closer watching than you would require. Left to his own way, he might go astray and do something to help the people, while there would be no danger of you doing that.

But I can manage Hughes. In fact, I can manage any or all of you, and if my servant Woodpile gets elected again he will be the same pliant tool in my hands that he has heretofore been. Woodpile is pretty well trained in my service now, and he might be more useful to me than a new hand. He don't need my personal attention any more, because my lieutenant, Morgan, can make him toe the mark.

Don't cry, Teddy Boy. Somebody might mistake you for a sissy gal or a mollycoddle. Just wait. Your turn will come yet. I may need you worse by and by than I do now. Save yourself, and be ready.

The general trend of earthly affairs suits me very well at present. My big European war, my frying-size Mexican war, and all my other little wars, are making satisfactory progress, while the growing power of concentrated wealth is a guarantee that the poor working slaves can still be driven to fight my wars—unless these working people begin to use their heads to think with.

There is just one danger. I am truly alarmed at the rapid growth of that dangerous doctrine called Socialism. Something must be done to stop it. The people are

reading too many of them infernal Socialist papers and they are beginning to do too much thinking. They are being taught that their pitiful condition of poverty and servitude is not right nor necessary, and that they can change conditions with their votes. They are even being taught that rich men have no right to lord it over poor men and take from them all that their labor produces. Of course all these things are true, but we can't afford to let the common people find it out. And in order to keep them from finding it out we've got to have harmony among the master class, to which you belong. Now for the sake of harmony I advise you to forget your personal ambition for a little while. Rub the salve of patriotism on these recent steam-roller bruises and then forget about them. Go out and preach Preparedness and tell the dear people how fine and honorable it is to fight and die for their country. But go sorter light on the subject of whose country it really is, or you might spoil everything.

Now, Ted, if the earth gets so good and peaceful that you can't endure it, just bundle up your things and come right on down here. We'll manage to furnish amusement for you.

Yours for everything in sight,
SATAN DEVIL.

Political Catechism.

What is politics?
A dirty scramble for office.
What is office?
A position with little work and big pay.
What is money?
A tool of oppression.
What is law?
An unequal distribution of injustice.
What is a trust?
A legalized band of robbers.
What is a bank?
A corporation that lives on the interest of what it owes.
What is poverty?
Hell on earth.
What is riches?
Accumulated plunder.
What is society?
Good clothes, a full pocket and an empty head.
What is civilization?
An agreement among the rich and strong to rob the poor and weak by legislation, instead of by physical force.
What is a crank?
A man with a new idea.
What is a politician?
A man who has the office itch.
What is a patriot?
A man who believes that dying for his country is an easier job than trying to live in it.

A PLUTOCRAT PLOT.

Time—Immediately after the close of the Republican convention in Chicago.

Place—Wall Street, New York.
Enter two plutes named Rockygee and Morganfeller talking in low tones.

Rockygee—Well, now, Brother Morganfeller, how does it strike you?

Morganfeller—Oh, very well, I guess. We are going to have a pretty good team of candidates this time. Our Republican party has just covered itself with glory, and we knew exactly what our Democratic party was going to do. I feel that our interests are safe, no matter what happens.

Rockygee—Yes, that's right. We plutocrats are lucky dogs, ain't we? Always got two strings to our bow, while the poor devil of a worker ain't got any string at all. And no bow to speak of.

Morganfeller—Well, say, now, which of our two candidates do you think we had better elect?

Rockygee—Oh, our Republican candidate is my choice this time, although I voted for our Democratic candidate four years ago. It's a question of expediency with me. If one of our parties looks good to me to day, that's my party. But if our other party promises me more swag tomorrow, then I change. Unless we can have that privilege, what is the use for us plutes to be the sole owners of two great parties?

Morganfeller—That's all so, but what are your reasons for preferring our Republican party this time? Hasn't our Democratic party done everything for us that it promised, and a good deal that it didn't promise? For us plutes, I mean. Of course it ain't done anything at all that it promised for the poor sweaty workers, but that suits us all the better. A party that would lower its dignity and disgrace itself by helping all that vulgar mob of laboring trash would certainly not be fit for you and me to affiliate with. But our Democratic party ain't done that. We expected it to promise the workers lots of good things in order to get their votes, but we had it all understood that those promises would never be fulfilled. You see, therefore, that our Democratic party has been true to us plutes and we ought to stand by it this time. One good turn deserves another, you know.

Rockygee—But hold on. It's true, as you say, that our Democratic party promised great things to the poor devils in order to get their votes, and then fooled 'em. Of course that pleases us, but how do you reckon the poor

disappointed workers are taking it? Don't you suppose it would be easier to fool them this time with another party than to try it with the same party they got fooled with before? You see, in spite of the fact that them black, greasy workers are too low down for us millionaires to even wipe our feet on, still we mustn't overlook the fact that they have a vote. More's the pity. I hope the day will soon come when we can get them all disfranchised, along with the niggers. But, as I say, while they have votes we've got to manage some way to keep them fooled year after year, so that their votes won't get them anything. Now since we fooled 'em the last time with our Democratic party, it seems reasonable to me that they would bite better at our Republican bait this time.

Morganfeller—Dadgum, I hadn't thought of that. Of course they would. And that's another advantage in us plutes having two parties. We can play the one against the other that way and keep the voters fooled all the time.

Both Together—Hurrah for our Republican party this time!

Now let T. R. and W. J. B. get together and organize a Mutual Consolation Club for Honorable Has-Beens.

In a republic where everything is done by voting, the way to get reform is to vote for it. Then why in the devil don't we do it?

A "patriotic citizen" is a feller, who wears a tin rooster in his hat, carries a torchlight in the procession, votes for what he don't want, and gets it.

It is an old story that flies carry germs on their feet. And germs are dangerous. Therefore somebody ought to get a law passed requiring flies to wear overshoes and leave them on the porch when they come in.

A BANDIT.

If you want to know exactly what difference there is between a Bandit and a Patriot, I refer you to my "Sermon on Villa" in last issue of The Fool-Killer. Boiled down into a single sentence, the gist of the whole matter is just this: If a military leader has a sufficient following to make the other leaders and the people afraid of him, he is a Patriot. But if his crowd is small and weak and poorly equipped, then he is a Bandit. See? That's all there is to it, and a thousand books written on the subject couldn't explain it any better.

25 Cents
a Year—
15 Cents
in Clubs
of Five
or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you
get hold of
something
good, pass
it around.
Send in a
big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST 1916.

NUMBER 3

Made to Order.

Wish I had a poem
Or a little fool song
That I could stretch out
About three inches long.

This corner of the paper
Looks odd and undone
Without a few verses
All gracefully spun.

But my poetry mill
Is run down at the heel,
And the papers print nothing
That is fit to steal.

What on earth shall I do?
It's awful! Oh, drot it!
I need a poem SO bad—
And now I've got it.

BLEEDING.

The old time doctors were great believers in "bleeding" as a cure for every disease known to the human race. If you had anything from the seven-year-itch to chronic laziness and called on a doctor about it, he would look at the bottom of your foot, feel of your pocket-book, and bleed you. You generally got well, and you believed the bleeding cured you. And maybe it did. But sometimes you died, and then you are sure you would have died anyhow, and it wasn't the fault of the treatment.

The bleeding habit has been mostly out of date for a good while, but now it seems to be coming back on a world-wide scale. All the nations of the earth have got something bad the matter with their political guts, and they are falling back on the old custom of "bleeding" to cure what ails 'em.

But I notice that the great political "doctor" who prescribe "bleeding" as the remedy for the world's bellyache are always very careful not to let it be tried on their own precious, royal veins. They love their country, and they want to see it cured, but they are perfectly willing for it to make out with the common cheap blood from the veins of the workers.

But looky here, now! If the blue blood of the master class is so much more rich and precious, why wouldn't the spilling of it buy a better grade of "liberty" than the blood of us poor scrubs? Why wouldn't it "consecrate the ground" better and make "freedom's soil" produce a richer harvest of durned fools? I move that we give it a trial, anyhow.

THE FLOOD!

Well, we got ours this time. We had read about floods in other parts of the country, but we had somehow made up our minds that they would never reach us here in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

But we were mistaken. North Carolina has been visited by the most destructive Flood that ever hit this neck of the woods.

The rain began falling on the evening of Friday, July 14, and continued all that night, all the next day, and all the next night—nearly 36 hours of the hardest rain that ever fell in these mountains.

The creeks and rivers came up like magic, covering the valleys and climbing the hill-sides. So sudden, so rapid, and so unexpected was the rise in many places that the people living in the valleys had to run for their lives, leaving everything to be swept away by the Flood. Some people did not even save themselves, numerous cases of people drowned or missing having been reported.

As soon as the flood waters went down so that the wreck and ruin could be seen, it was an appalling and disheartening sight. All growing crops were either swept out by the roots or buried in mud. Bridges, railroads, homes, factories—everything in reach of the flood—either washed entirely away or drifted into a mass of mud-covered ruins.

The property loss in my own home county (Wilkes) is estimated at two to three million dollars. Our railroad was so badly damaged that for two weeks we were completely cut off from the outside world. All wires were down, the mail service knocked out, and we were practically set back a hundred years into the past.

I couldn't get my shipment of paper to print The Fool-Killer on, and I couldn't have sent it out if it had been printed, so I just had to wait.

Being nearly a month behind already, this calamity has put me still further behind, and now there is no chance of getting out

an issue for July. The last issue was for June, and you will notice that this one is dated for August. I do this in order to keep pace with the hurrying feet of Time—which, by the way, was the only thing not held up and delayed by the Flood. Time went right on. It always does. And The Fool-Killer is going right on, too, if another Flood don't come and get what little this one left. So let everybody grab a wheel and roll. In other words, send in as many big clubs as you can. During the coming fall and winter let's cover the earth with Fool-Killers as never before.

OH, HELLUP!

We Are Invaded! The Whole Mexican Army is in the Benited States.

Most of people know that this country is in trouble with Mexico, but mighty few of them have any idea how it started or what it is all about.

Well, it started like this:

There is a little group of multi-millionaires in Mexico who own two-thirds of all the wealth of the Benited States. You didn't know that, did you? Well, it's a fact. The leaders of this group of Mexican capitalists are Rockario D. Johnnyfeller, J. Pusselgutta Morganoodle, Andrwai Cornygut, and a few others. These men own and control the great copper mines of Colorado, the coal mines of West Virginia and elsewhere, and all the rich oil fields of the country. And they are connected up by interlocking directorates with other great capitalists until they actually hold the destiny of this country in their hands.

Well, there was a strike in the Colorado copper mines, and the first thing anybody knew an army of six thousand Mexican soldiers were dropped over into Colorado to keep order and to protect the Mexican interests there. Other Mexican troops were sent into West Virginia and still others stationed around the great Mexican steel works in Pennsylvania. The Mexican government claimed that its soldiers were sent into the Benited States merely to keep order, quell riots and catch strike leaders. At first we took them at their word, treated them in a friendly manner, and thought they meant no harm.

But when the strikes and riots were all ended and all the lawless captured or scattered, we began to think it was time for them to go home, and President Wilson

kindly requested Carranza to take the Mexican army out of the Benited States. The object that they came here for was accomplished as far as they could accomplish it, and there seemed to be no reasonable excuse why they should longer remain on our side of the border.

But don't you think Carranza, the insolent half-breed, stubbornly refused to order his troops home. He sent back an insulting note to President Wilson saying that his army should stay here as long as he pleased, and that we had better just lay low and say nothing.

Well, that didn't look so good, but President Wilson is very patient, and so he sent another request for the withdrawal of the Mexican army, pointing out the trouble that might result if the American people should become suspicious of a foreign army on their soil. They might rise up and demand war to drive the invader out. Carranza again refused to listen to reason, and his last refusal was more insolent than ever.

President Wilson and all our people began to see that there had been no sincerity in Carranza's statement of his purposes all along. He had merely used the Colorado strike and the other labor disturbances as a pretext for getting his army into our country, with the evident purpose of waging a war of conquest against us and annexing this country to Mexico.

Naturally that didn't set well on our stomachs, and we began to get things in readiness to protect ourselves the best we could against the Mexican army of invasion, intervention and conquest.

Then Carranza called out everything that could tote a gun and started then toward our border. We were getting in a pretty ugly humor by this time and demanded that they stay on their own side of the line, or there would be trouble.

They came on.

There was trouble.

There is going to be more.

Well I'll be ding-busted! If I ain't gone ahead here and writ this whole story right plum tail-end-foremost and top-side-bottom'ards from start to finish!

That's the good of being always in such a hurry.

But the type is already set, and I'll be civilly sarn-taked if I'm going to change it.

If women would dress sensibly and quit going wild after every new "fashion" that comes along, they would be plum purty things to look at. But of course they'll sorter do as it is.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . . . 25 cents
In clubs of Five or More . . . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a-year in clubs)

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have think some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1916.

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Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.
Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E.
Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 18th day of March, 1916.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1918.

IDIOTORIALS.

It is easier to suppose than to think.

Beware of the Q-cumber. It will W up.

A dude is an empty place with clothes on.

Every time we guess right we call it good judgment.

Faith can hold the sack, but it takes work to fill it.

That ugly knot on top of your neck—has it got any brains in it?

A deck of cards is nothing but a bundle of admission tickets to hell.

Say, mister, it takes money to grease this literary mill. Can't you grease it a little?

Some church members put on a lot of fine clothes to hide the religion that they haven't got.

A gang of sheep wouldn't elect a wolf to rule over them. Have you got as much sense as a sheep?

If you love your neighbor the best way to prove it is to take his subscription to The Fool-Killer.

When the devil wants something done that he is a shamed to do himself, he turns the job over to a hypocrite.

How any decent woman can have the stomach to kiss an old nasty, stinking, tobacco-smeared mouth is more than I could ever understand.

If any of these tobacco-chewing, ambeur-squirting church-members ever get to heaven, the angels will have an awful time cleaning up after them.

Every time I see one of these great big-bellied fat men, I can't help wondering how it would look to see him trying to trim his toe-nails.

Tell your Pap and send word to your Uncle Hank that from now on The Fool-Killer will be a devil-catcher from several miles up the creek.

Yes, honey! In this country we make paupers by law, and then punish them by law for being paupers. I tell you we are the last button on Consistency's coat, anyhow.

Old Abe Lincoln was as ugly as a mad fence, and as awkward as a steer in a flower-garden, but the dirt under Abe's toe-nails was worth a car-load of the full-dressed flunkies who lolloped around Washington these days.

The papers tell of a woman with a baby in her arms who told a crowd of people that she was starving, and the report says there were many "sympathetic comments." I'll bet that poor woman's tummy felt as full as a tick after she had dined on those "sympathetic comments."

Speaking of high tariffs, what's the matter with having a high tariff on War? The Hughes party gets very eloquent about a high tariff wall to keep out the cheap products of Europe, but I wonder if it will keep out the war-madness that the Wilson party has been trying to coax across? I just wonder and wonder if it will?

Chips From The Battle-Axe.

By J. N. RAGSDALE.

What is the difference between a lying preacher and the Devil? The same as between a cow and calf—the preacher hasn't grown horns yet.

The best remedy to use in case of sickness is Common Sense, but it is not sold at drug-stores, therefore the doctors hardly ever prescribe it. See? No money in it.

And here is a woman thinks she has religion because she has been a Methodist from childhood. Poor soul! The Devil has been a Methodist longer than you have, and he didn't have a bit of religion the last time I heard from him. And he has been as good a Methodist as you have, too.

Whenever you see a church member standing around bragging on his favorite brand of "ter-backer" and joking about good "likker" and telling how he loves the "wimmen," you may just mark it down he is a stinking old hypocrite, without any fear of you being proved a liar.

Goodmorning, Mister Big-Bug, how d'ye do? Well, I just wanted to tell you that if because you have a few dollars that you or your father got by robbing the poor you think you are better than a respectable honest working man, then you are about as common a fool as ever camped this side of the lunatic assylum. Good-bye.

Every nation that goes to war these days jump right up in meeting an declares that it is not to blame, for it was "dragged" or "forced" or "driven" into war against its will. All of which makes me thing the Money Lords are the power behind the thrones that are "driving" the nations toward hell at break-neck speed for their own financial benefit.

"So you believe in immersion?" "Yes, sir, I believe in going down under the water." Yes, and lots of folks think because they have been down under the water they have religion. Don't you know going own under the water don't get the Devil out of folks? Why, the old devil-fish STAYS under the water and STAYS devil-fish, too. I tell you, sir, you can't run the Devil with water.

If you hear a mighty roaring like the sound of a thousand Niagaras, and see the dust flying like that kicked up by ten million stamped buffaloes, and observe a great body travelling like a runaway thunderbolt, and sweeping everything before it like the business end of a tornado, don't get excited and faint. Just clear the track and let Roosevelt and the "patriotic" politicians and millionaires get to Mexico as soon as the fighting commences. Zip! Boo—ee! Boom! Bang!

Some weeks ago I saw two bulldogs on the street, and just as I walked up to them the master of one of the dogs said to the master of the other dog, "I'll bet you ten dollars my dog can whip your dog," and they took the dogs by the collars and pitched them at each other, and they didn't have any better sense than to go at each other's throat instead of turning on their masters, and when I left the scene these masters were trying to pull these two fool dogs part. Gentlemen and ladies, that is a picture of the war-game as true as life, and if the working people ever come to their senses they will cease to fly at each other's throats like the fool dogs because the "masters" say so. Then if the "masters" want to have a "dog" fight they can fight like dogs among themselves.

Try This On Your Sore Place.

Say, Mister Brother or Sister, Comrade, Friend and Helper:—Hang-taked if I ain't just about buried alive in unanswered letters, and I can't see how in the tarnal-nation Tom Walker I am ever to claw out.

I have just now kicked over my blamed old desk and counted out about 'steen hundred and leventy-nine important letters that have been lying here waiting for an answer, and they seem to fare about like the old maid who waited for a sweetheart till her false teeth all rotted out and face-powder wouldn't hide the wrinkles any more.

Fishing around among this two-horse wheelbarrow load of unanswered letters, I hooked out one from you, and while reading it over I could almost see your angry frown and hear your teeth grit with madness on account of not getting an answer at the proper time. I'll bet a plugged nickel that you have cussed me black nad blue in every language you know, and then hired a college founded, one-eyed Dutch-American idiot to finish the job.

But say, now, without speaking in parables, this is a serious matter, as the mouse said to the old cat just before being swallowed. Here are these letters to answer, and to save me from the Old Scratch I couldn't answer half of them if I did nothing else all summer.

So I concluded to sorter pat you on the back with this here printed apology and see if it will help any toward keeping you from biting yourself or somebody else.

To be sure-enough serious about it, friends, that's just the way of it. The low subscription price of The Fool-Killer don't enable me to hire a private secretary who is capable of attending to this miscellaneous correspondence, and I have very little time to do it myself. So please don't expect too much of me in the way of personal letters. It makes me sweat to even get the paper to you.

A Prophet for Profit.

Of fool religious "prophets" there is no end. I see where another half-baked greenhorn is trying to give a new twist to the book of Revelations by explaining that the great seven-headed Beast spoken of is the Labor Union. Yum-yum! That's enlightening, to be sure. And then what about the Capitalist Unions. No Beast about them, I reckon. Oh, no, they are white-winged angels, of course. Oh, yes! Sure!

MORE ABOUT THE ROOSTER AGE.

I promised to give you another story about how business was carried on under the Chicken Government away yonder in the future.

Well, it was different in many ways from the human age that preceded it. About as different as a man is from a rooster, I guess. And that ain't such a great difference, after all. There is a big difference in men, and there is also a big difference in roosters, which is the same as saying that some men and some roosters are very much alike.

We don't know just how long it was after the human race lost its dominion and power until the chickens took possession; and history fails to record how long it has been since the rooster government fell into decay. But we do know that some of the human methods were carried forward into the chicken age.

In the human period of the world an important item of diet was chicken soup. And the soup idea survived in the chicken age, only it was human soup. Men thought it all right to kill a chicken, but a crime to kill a man. So the chickens, looking at it from their standpoint, just reversed the relative importance of the two killings, and human soup was a very common dish with the well-to-do chickens. Even the poorer class of chickens had it for Sunday dinner.

A bundle of their court records fell out of the back window of the future and knocked a hole in the front elevation of yesterday. From this record we learn that it was murder to kill a chicken, and while the rooster jury was locked up over night without any supper to decide the case, the rooster judge was judging the flavor of a human baby's ham at the best rooster hotel in town.

Another marked resemblance to the human age was the magazines of the chicken age. No, no, honey, they were no poultry magazines, because there was no poultry industry then. Perhaps some of them were devoted to the trade of raising humans for the market, but we don't know what trade name that business went by. But one thing we do know is that the front cover page of every one of their best magazines was ornamented with the smiling features of a young society pullet.

This all goes to show that every living creature on earth regards its own kind as the highest type of beauty and the achievements of its own kind of supreme importance in the life of the world. To them everything else is secondary and only to be made use of to advance their own interests. Hence if hoppy-toads could run a world and publish magazines, they would of course illustrate their front covers with pictures of beautiful young female hoppy-toads. It was not intended that

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

We should see the beauty in a frog, but is there just the same, and a frog can see it.

And that's all I know about the rooster government for this time. Good-by.

A TIMELY TESTIMONIAL.

By Europe.

Dear Uncle Sam:

I understand that you are seriously considering the matter of buying a few billion dollars' worth of "Preparedness," the well-known and widely-advertised remedy for international belly-ache. Having used this noted remedy on myself for two years now, I thought you might like to have my opinion as to its merits.

I am glad to tell you, my dear Uncle Sam, that "Preparedness" is all right. I am more than pleased with the results I have gotten from its use. It was recommended to me as a sure guarantee of peace, and I guess it will do the work all right if you give it time. My case is such a bad one, and I am in need of so much peace, that I didn't expect to get results right at once. But I feel sure that peace will come after I have used "Preparedness" a few more years. I have used so much of it now that my belly looks like a dead fish's bladder and feels like a mashed thumb, and most of my insides are on the outside. But that don't matter. I started out to get peace and I'm going to have it, even if it takes all the "Preparedness" there is in the world.

When every human being in all my domain is dead, and the buzzards get done fighting over the carcasses, then there will be peace. And when peace does come it will be an evident fact that "Preparedness" brought it about.

The use of "Preparedness" hurts like blazes and costs like all sixty, but it has to be used if we ever hope to have peace. We have the word of all the big military bosses of all past ages that "Preparedness" is the surest guarantee of peace, and this theory is also supported by the modern munitions manufacturer.

And when all these great men agree on a thing it must be so.

The mere fact that the "Preparedness" road to the land of peace leads through a dark wilderness of war must not discourage us. Perhaps the war is just thrown in extra to make us appreciate peace more when we get it.

Yes, Uncle Sam, I can assure you that "Preparedness" is a great blessing, and I advise you to get as much of it as you can. It does my soul good to reflect that I am going to have peace after I get done taking this "Preparedness" medicine, even if I never live to enjoy it.

Now, dear Uncle Sam, if you still have any doubts or misgivings about whether you ought to buy "Preparedness" or not, or if you have any doubts about how perfectly happy I am while taking the treatment, you are hereby invited to come over and see for yourself.

Your friend,

EUROPE.

More Idiotorials.

Modern patriotism and modern religion are both well-pleasing to the devil.

Have you noticed that one-term plank in the Democratic platform this time? What about it, Woodpile?

And now leather ought to come down some since so many Bull Moose hides have been put on the market.

No doubt one thing that contributed to the nomination of Hughes was the belief that his whiskers would please Carranza.

"Most men prefer to eat fast like a dog," remarks Ed Howe. That's perfectly natural, Ed, because most men ARE dogs.

There is getting to be a general belief that Carranza would have more respect for the United States if there was a full set of whiskers in the White House.

The little Jewish boy was hitting dangerously near the truth

when he said: "The world is neither round nor flat—it's crooked."

I often read in the papers about "a divorced couple." Gosh folks, it ain't a "couple" any more after the two misfits have been "uncoupled."

The man who can brag and blow the biggest when there is no danger is the same stinking whelp who can run away the fastest when danger comes.

All over Europe they are turning the clock ahead one hour. Hang-taked if I see any sense in that. But if they could turn it BACK about two years it might help some.

The millionaires headed toward the recruiting station are not so thick but what you can count 'em.

I am keeping tally on all the millionaires "patriots" that enlist of fight in Mexico. When I get twelve more I'll have a dozen.

"It is a pity this is a campaign year," whines Woodpile. Yes, Woody, if the campaign had stayed off a few years yet, you could have held your job just that much longer. It IS a pity for you, but it may be a blessing for the rest of us.

Carry your Fool-Killer around in your pocket and read it to every body you see.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PILES I suffered with piles for years. Tried everything. At last a common root of the field cured me. You can dig and prepare it for yourself. Name of root and full directions sent for 25 cents. Address: W. T. PEARSON, R2, Boomer, N. C.

13 FUNNY LOVE LETTERS reading two ways, 10c postpaid. Funny? Well, I guess. The Williams Co., Box 605, Huntsville, Ala.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis in Randolph, Co., N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the Book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents. NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsam Bldg., King, N. C.

YOU'LL get cards and have friends and sweethearts everywhere. Membership 10 cents. World-Wide Card Club, Dept. F. K., King, N. C.

Socialism for the FARMER

THE UNION STAR, the first and only Socialist paper with a direct appeal to the farmer. For years the official organ of the Farmers Union in Virginia. "Excommunicated" because it had the courage to advocate the only avenue of relief from the economic woes of the toiling masses, both industrial and agricultural. Every issue strikes sledge hammer blows for the cause of Socialism. Up-to-date six-column eight-page weekly. One Year 50c. In Clubs of Four or More, 25c. For Forty Weeks, Ten Weeks Trial Subscription 10c.

UNION STAR
Brookneal -- Virginia

Letters From The Folks

J. B. Dowty, Grants, N. C.—

Here goes another batch—
it's all of my last catch.
Subs are hard to obtain
while idiots still remain.
Behold the tolling masses,
Serve as the patient asses,
Fretting over unfair deals,
Patronizing him who steals.
Need't wonder at their actions
while divided into factions;
But when united we stand,
Right and justice we'll demand.

Albert Stiles, Box 254, Rush Springs, Okla.—Send me a bundle of samples of The Fool-Killer and I will get up a club. Each sample means a sub. for me—that is, it has heretofore. So let 'em come, and I will let 'em go.

Earl T. Houghton, Selah, Wash.—Accidentally a copy of your paper fell into my hands, and it made a decided hit. Of course I had a "club" made up in no time. Enclosed please find five names and the money to pay for them.

O. D. Bacon, R1, Vidalia, Ga.—Enclosed find money order and list of five subs. Hurrah for The Fool-Killer and old Georgia, too. Suppose we just see how easily we can run the total up to one million. Now don't fix your month to say "Can't."

S. B. Romaine, 820 Prospect St., Elkhart, Ind.—Please find Adams X Money Order to pay for the enclosed five subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. Very easy matter to get subs—if you let them read a sample. I let these people see my paper, and all wanted me to send at once for them.

J. H. McCowen, Forsyth, Ga.—I am sending you a club of seven and money order to pay for them. I just happened to get hold of a copy of your paper and got these subscriptions by showing it to them. If you wish to send me any extra copies I will be glad to hand them out for you.

L. J. Strait, 321 Salude St., Rock Hill, S. C.—Please find enclosed five subs to The Fool-Killer and remittance to cover. The humorous part of this club is that it is the Police Force of Rock Hill, including the "Chief." Hope to receive the next copy on time and wish The Fool-Killer much success in its new quarters.

G. N. Hampton, R1, Addison, Ala.—Enclosed find money order to pay for seven subs. I subscribed for The Fool-Killer last year, though my time has been out for some time. So I want it again. I love to see the hypocrites get angry when I read it to them. I will close by giving you my warmest love and best wishes.

A. A. Donahoo, Blakesburg, Iowa.—I have gathered a few more subs for you to feed. Hope you will be able to give them a good feast of truth once a month for one year, or until their eyes are opened. Enclosed you will find post office money order for \$1.50 and the addresses. My first club is received. If you have some samples to spare, send me a bundle to hand out.

W. T. Vinson, Marion, Ind.—To-day I thought I would see if I could raise a club of subs for The Fool-Killer at the fire-barn here, and I raised the club in five minutes. Would you be so kind as to get this club out this month for me, and also send me a bundle of samples and I think I can raise several clubs for you. I take a dozen other papers on the social work, but I think your paper is the thing.

William Fiedler, Box 459, Ontario, Oregon.—I herewith hand you money order to pay for the enclosed five subs. Kindly send The Fool-Killer as soon as convenient, and red-hot, too, because we have some folks here who lean toward Fool-Street—may save some of them by getting the little old Fool-Killer at them in due time. I ask you to send me a few extra copies to hand out so I can send you another list of good folks.

Mrs. F. B. Cummings, RFD 2, El Dorado Springs, Mo.—Have just discovered a copy of your splendid paper in a shipment of pianos, and have found it so interesting and your religious and political views so fearlessly expressed that I am sending you 25 cents for The Fool-Killer one year. Long may the publication and its editor live to disseminate the truth which must in time unshackle the working people.

Allen Neighbor, 1336 Arlington Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.—Please send me a dozen samples of The Fool-Killer, for I cannot keep out of the fight. I have to see the little paper once in a while. I helped to raise a few clubs in Dover, Ark., and now I am here in the Ohio Valley, and I think it is my duty to the cause to put The Fool-Killer in this city. So please send those samples as soon as you can, for I want to get busy.

Geo. A. Cundiff, Pearce, Arizona.—Dear Old Fool-Killer and family: Your order seen how kussed mad I was when my dater Lucy Cundiff got your old paper. I was that hot I got right up and hustled up these here few names, and durn your old hide, if you don't like it I'll sock it to you some more. Could you send me a few sample copies? I think I can do you some good around the mines out here. I think the mines are the best field to get in our work.

O. L. Sullivan, Vineland, N. J.—Enclosed find money order to pay for one year's subscription to your paper. Your issue of December, 1915, was sent to me, and in it I noted your reference to Pastor Russell's books explaining the times in which we live from the Bible standpoint. I have read those books, and appreciate them. It is my thought if you will examine those books closely in the light of the Scriptures, you will have great reason to be doubly glad. Your notice re Pastor Russell induced me to send this sub.

M. L. Hardaway, R1, Stone Mountain, Ga.—I have eleven that want a dose, and you have the place to get it. Pour it to them. People down here don't know what The Fool-Killer is. I would ask a person, "Don't you want to subscribe for The Fool-Killer?" He would say, "What is that?" I would say, "It is dynamite put up in capsule form—don't you want some?" I would show him the paper, and then he would give me the money for his subscription. You will find the list of names enclosed, and money order to pay for them.

Miss Sally and the Dude.

When I look at some men—and women, too—all decked out in their riggings, I am reminded of the story of Miss Sally and the dude. Miss Sally had a dude come to see her one evening. The "gentleman" desired to let Miss Sally know he wore fine clothes, so he said, "Stand up there, \$10 worth of cane; hang there, \$15 worth of hat; come off, \$50 worth of overcoat." And having thus advertised his finery he proceeded to take a seat beside Miss Sally, when lo! Miss Sally gave his chair a push with her foot and stretched the fine gentleman full length on the floor, as she said, "Lie down there, 10 cents worth of nothing."—Battle-Axe.

If the Navy League could show on its membership list a few names besides those of munition manufacturers, some of us might have more faith in its "patriotism." It reminds me of a committee of hound dogs trying to establish a rabbit-farm.

WHEW! HOLD YER NOSE!

From what seems to be a reliable source The Fool-Killer has just learned something about the European war situation that looks worse than anything yet.

If you ain't got pretty doggon good nerve you better stop right here, for I warn you that this is a grewsome sort of a story. I am waiting. All that want to stop reading will please stop right quick, and the rest of us will go on.

You know they use fabulous quantities of Nitro-Glycerine in the war. It is the base of most of their high explosives. There is only one source from which nitro-glycerine can be produced, and that is animal sinews. And if the supply of dead animals runs short and the nitro-glycerine gives out it will be good-morning John with the war. And it would be too bad to have a nice war interrupted that way.

And so Germany got busy and studied out a way to overcome the difficulty. It is just like Germany to do a thing like that. She looked around her and saw the millions of dead men and dead horses rotting on the battle-fields. She put her fore-finger to her forehead and then jumped up and slapped her heels together twice. It was all settled. The men and horses were as dead as they ever would be, and it wouldn't hurt to stew them up and make nitro-glycerine out of them to be used in killing more men and horses. So the new idea was put into practice without further delay. And now the young German soldier who dies for his country has the double satisfaction of knowing that his body will be stewed up and made into high-explosives, and that he will thus kill more of the enemy after he is dead than he did while alive.

No sooner had Germany started that awful business than her enemies caught on to it, and now they are all gathering up their young heroes and shipping them by the car-load back to the nitro-glycerine factories where they are boiled, stewed, and otherwise cooked into high-explosives. With that same heartless "efficiency" which characterizes the Chicago butcher-yards, they make use of every scrap of their dead men that can be turned into explosives to kill more men.

It's a sort of merry-go-round perpetual motion business. A German soldier gets killed. He is immediately cooked up and loaded into a shell and fired back at the Allies. Several of the Allies are killed and cooked and fired back at the German lines. And so it goes. Kill a German to make explosives to kill more Allies to make more explosives to kill more Germans to make more explosives to kill more Allies to make more—oh, bring me something to vomit in, quick!

No, beloved, this is not one of my big home-made lies—it is actually being done. And the same breed of infernal war-dogs that are bossing that job are just

watering at the mouth for a chance to get you and me in their durned stew-kettles to make nitro-glycerine to kill Mexicans.

Are you going to stand for it? Are you going to trot along to the slaughter-pen like a gang of meek-eyed cows?

Let a hundred million "Nbes!" go up till the echo shakes the vaulted heavens!

NOT SURPRISED.

Oh! Ouch! I'm awful sorry, but some well-meaning person has made a terrible blunder. Somebody has sent in the name of one H. C. Liebig, of Mascoutah, Illinois, as a subscriber to The Fool-Killer. And now here comes a card from the postmaster at that place saying that Mr. Liebig refuses to take The Fool-Killer out of the postoffice.

Of course, I am not at all surprised. A man with such a name as that—a man who would Lie-big—would certainly not want to read a good truthful paper like The Fool-Killer.

When I happen to get a fool on my list I like to keep him there as long as there is any hope of helping him. But when it comes to a hopeless case like this I waste no time in taking it off. There is no use to sprinkle cologne around the den of a polecat, because it merely wastes the cologne and does the polecat no good. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I take the name of Mr. Big-Lie off my mailing list, and I will transfer the subscription to some person who knows a good thing when they see it.

Good-bye forever, Mr. Big-Lie. I hope to live so as to escape that awful place down yonder where you are going, and as you have refused my help this time you will never have another chance to get it. Your condition now is most pitiable, but you have brought it on yourself by refusing to read The Fool-Killer.

Good-bye again.

THE GREAT IDEA.

About two years ago The Fool-Killer took pity on Woodpile and told him how to settle the Mexican trouble and get all the factions down there harmonized and living happily together. The idea was for this government to bristle up and go galloping down there like it wanted to fight. Then all the warring factions in Mexico would drop their differences, and get together to fight us. Then we were to tuck tail and run, leaving them together, all happy and harmonious. The Fool-Killer believed then, and still believes, that the idea is a good one. And it begins to look half way like Woodpile is gradually coming around to the same opinion. His latest little fling with the Greaser boys amounts to just about that.

Life is short, and you'd better get all the good you can out of it as you go along. Therefore subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

25 Cents
a Year—
15 Cents
in Clubs
of Five
or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you
get hold of
something
good, pass
it around.
Send in a
big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 1916.

NUMBER 4

WHEN THE WAR IS GOING TO END.

Absolute knowledge have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's
son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
(Written in Latin—or was it Greek?)
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said the niggers in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus
Clown
That a man in Klondike heard the
news
From a gang of South American Jews
About somebody in Borneo
Who heard of a man who claimed to
know
Of a swell society female rake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's
niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who knows when the war is going to
end.

—James Larkin Pearson.

Uncle Sam's Tin-Type.

One time there was a Fool
He was a powerful smart Busi-
ness Fool.
This Fool lived on a little Farm
And worked very hard
Raising Something to Eat.
His crops did well
And his harvests were abundant
He gathered great quantities
Of grain and fruit and vege-
tables—
Plenty to keep for himself
And some to spare.
So he very wisely sold
The surplus to his neighbors.
But the Fool was not satisfied.
He wanted More Money.
He seemed to think Money
Was the only thing needed
To sustain Life.
So he went ahead and sold the
balance
Of the Food Supply that he had
made.
He got great piles of Gold for it.
But when he had counted over
his Gold
A great many times,
He was afterwards hungry
But he looked about him, and,
behold!
There was nothing to eat!
The neighbors found him
About a week afterwards
Half buried in a pile of Gold
and Silver,
Perished to death.

What The Fool-Killer said of
Wilson's last speech-making trip
is now equally true of the Hews
effort—it fell on the public ear
just like dropping a hunk of rye
dough into a cold skillet.

Explorer Stefansson, who is in
the Polar regions, has decided not
to return to civilization this season.
Good reason for it—he don't
know of any place on earth where
he could find any civilization.

JUST YOU AND ME.

Dear Comrades:

Please lend me your ears. I will
return them in about five minutes.
I've got something important to
tell you, and I want it to stick in
your memory like a cuckleburr in
a mule's tail.

Now listen! You know The
Fool-Killer has been running a
little behind schedule time all
summer, and one issue was entire-
ly knocked out by the great Flood
that visited this section in July.
I am very sorry these things had
to be so, but it couldn't be helped.
I have done the very best I could
under the circumstances.

Now some of the things that
bothered and hindered me are off
my hands, and I can begin to see
my way clear to push business
more than I have been doing.

However, there is still one
great big booger standing in the
path and it don't show any dis-
position to get out. That is the
Paper Panic. Print paper is still
climbing Jacob's ladder about
four steps at a jump. All papers
and magazines everywhere are
doubling up their subscription
prices, and The Fool-Killer may
have to do the same in the very
near future.

But before raising the price, if
it should become necessary, I
want to give everybody a fair
chance to come in on the present
price, and those who run the risk
of having to pay more later will
have only themselves to blame.

Tell everybody and send word
to the rest that if they want The
Fool-Killer at the present price
(15 cents in clubs of five or more)
they had better rush in their
clubs pretty quick. I can't guar-
antee this price longer than the
15th of November. It may remain
the same after that, and it may
not, so you better not risk it.
Keep on the safe side, folkses, by
hurrying in your clubs of five or
more at 15 cents a year each be-
fore November 15. Then you will
be solid for another year at least.
And at the same time you will be
making The Fool-Killer more
solid by giving it your financial
support and encouragement. I will
make the paper still better and
get it to you more promptly—in
spite of all the paper trust can do
—if you will just keep on squirt-
ing the oil of cash into the cog-
wheels of this here sanctum.

Now don't forget about this. It
means a great deal to all of us.
Show this piece to everybody you
see and hustle up as many big
clubs as you can right quick.

Yours from the ground up,
JAMES L. PEARSON.

"FOR WIMMEN ONLY".

Oh, say, take off your hat and
sit down long enough to hear this
great and glorious chunk of "re-
ligious" news that has just come
in by wireless freight.

Billy Sunday has broke his
t'uther gallus and sprung a new
sensation. Yes, Billy has run-
naged around in the dark corners
of his vulgar soul and scared up
enough new scandal to make a
"Sermon for Wimmen Only", and
he is pulling it off about every so
often in the presence of as many
female wimmen as he can crowd
into his religious stockade.

"For Wimmen Only!"
Don't that jar the foundations
of your modesty?

But it's just like the dear wim-
men to bite at that kind of a bait.
The first announcement of it got
their curiosity aroused and they
wouldn't have missed it for a new
hat with two rooster feathers on
it. Of course they expected to
hear something that wouldn't be
fit for men-folks to listen at, and
I guess they did.

Men are so pure-minded and
innocent, you know, and Billy has
to be mighty careful how he talks
before them so as not to corrupt
their morals.

But the very nature of the case
demands that Billy must have
some chance to take the brakes
off of his gab-trap and say the
very worst that is in him. Hence
his "Sermon for Wimmen Only."
Gee-whiz! Don't you suppose
that is a glorious mess? And
wouldn't you like for YOUR wife,
sister or sweetheart to be housed
up with that bow-legged buck and
listening to a tirade of bawdy-
house bluster and baseball slang
that you were not allowed to
hear?

The wimmen who go to hear
such stuff and the men who allow
them to go ought to all be hitched
up to a hog-pen on wheels and
driven through town by a bob-
tailed monkey.

One on Mother Nature.

Smart men in different ages of
the world have often pointed out
where Nature had made mistakes.
But the Evening Spasm gives the
latest news on the subject. It
says that Sammy Diddle Wash-
pan, who is trying to become
famous, has suggested to Nature
that instead of making bullfrogs
out of tadpoles, it would be better
to just make catfish out of them.
He says that a tadpole has a tail,
anyway, and when he is made into
a frog he loses the tail. And as
the catfish has a tail, it could be
left on the tadpole and have a use
for it.

RURAL CREDIT BUNK.

Hello, you good old gullible
hayseed farmers! Haven't you
noticed a tarnation big improve-
ment in your feelings lately?

Sure!

But you ain't got the least idea
what causes it, have you?

Well, just keep your ambear-
spout closed a minute and I'll tell
you.

The High-Mucks at Washington
have recently passed a new law
known as the Farm Loan Bill, or
Rural Credits Act, which is guar-
anteed to make rivers of molasses
flow through every farmer's yard,
with both banks lined with flitter-
trees all ready for shaking.

Hereafter, when a poor tenant-
farmer gets in a tight place and
needs money to pay his debts and
support his family, the process of
getting it will be very simple. In
the first place, he will have to go
through the mere formality of
getting able to buy a farm. Per-
haps he has worked for years try-
ing to do that very thing and
never could reach it. But now I
reckon some sort of hoodoo charm
is going to make it easy for him.

Anyway, there is no provision
for him to get any money from
the Land Bank until he becomes
a land-owner. And it looks like
a slim chance for him to become
a land-owner until he gets some
money. At that rate, when will
he ever get anywhere? In the
language of Taft, "God knows!"
But Wilson says it can be done,
and if Wilson has lied I can't help
it.

And so when the poor strug-
gling tenant-farmer has lifted
himself up by his own boot-straps
until he gets where he don't need
any help, then here comes the
Land Bank and says, "Please,
Mister, let me loan you some
money!"

Oh, it is a great piece of bunk
legislation, and besides refusing
to help those who need help worst,
the new law is expected to drive
up the cows and cut stove-wood
for the rich.

And that's what's making you
feel so good, you durned old fools
you.

"We do not believe that either
party has a monopoly on demo-
cracy, or that Mr. Hughes is one
whit more likely to become the
tool of predatory wealth than Mr.
Wilson," says the New York In-
dependent. Why, bless your giz-
zard, nobody is expecting either
Wilson or Hews to BECOME the
tools of predatory wealth. They
have already done so. Wouldn't
it sound odd to hear a preacher
warning his flock that the Devil
was liable to BECOME bad?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . . . 25 cents
in clubs of Five or More . . . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

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March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is the Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-ninth cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzie collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thought some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1916.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Publisher, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E. P. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, the 18th day of March, 1916.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.

My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1917.

AN EXPLANATION.

Since The Fool-Killer has been running behind schedule time, several subscribers have kicked about it being late and have suggested that I send it out promptly the first of each month. Very good. That would please me mighty well. But it is one thing to make suggestions, and another thing to live up to them.

Some readers seem to have an idea that it only takes a day or two to get out an issue of The Fool-Killer. They have got it figured out that I work about two days in the month and play around the rest of the time. And hence it appears to them that I might as well get out the paper first and do my playing afterwards.

Thunder and lightning, folks! You never were worse mistaken in all your born days. Let me just impress this truth upon your minds: IT TAKES A WHOLE MONTH OF THE HARDEST KIND OF WORK TO WRITE AND PRINT AND MAIL OUT AN ISSUE OF THE FOOL-KILLER. And when for some reason we are delayed and get a little behind, it is almost impossible to catch up.

The majority of monthly papers DO come out about the first of the month, and every monthly paper OUGHT to. Back yonder when my circulation was smaller I could do it. But now I have such a large list of names to supply that it takes lots of hard work and lots of time. There is no time for anybody to play about this shop. I can tell you something like that.

And, so if any of you folks want the paper sooner than we can get it printed and mailed to you, then you'll just have to come and help us.

Please be patient. We have been doing the best we could under the circumstances, but we are going to do better soon.

Again I say, PLEASE BE PATIENT!

There is just one chance for Woodpile. He might try growing a beard.

The Republican mountain has again labored and fotch forth a mouse!

When Adam and Eve were turned out of Eden, it made them so mad that they raised Cain.

Uncle Sham never has money to feed his own hungry brood at home, but he can always buy a few more islands full of naked niggers away out in the sea. Crack away, Smart Eleck, and tell us why.

The Broken String.

He hugged the violin hard,
And lovingly he pressed it to his cheek.

His eyes were closed,
But through the closed lids he could see
Ten thousand million miles away,
Where they say heaven is.

And all the unimagined glories that he saw

Slipped through his closed lids
And down the sloping strings

A-quiver with the passion of his soul,

Until they stood
Before us common mortals there

Full shaped and bodied
With the invisible colorings of sound.

Then—
Bing!

One angel too many had stepped on the string,

And it broke,
And we all hit the earth

Like a hog-full of brick.

—James Larkin Pearson.

IDIOTS FOR THE ARMY!

Holy heavens!

Suffering saints!

What next?

Every time I make up my mind that modern militarism has reached the lowest depth of double-dyed devilism, behold a still lower depth opens before my astonished gaze.

I had never dreamed that any two-legged human devil could muster up enough diabolical courage to advocate breeding idiots for war.

But that is exactly what has been done.

I don't ask you to take my word for it. Look up your Literary Digest for Sept. 2, 1916, and on page 554 you will find quotations from an article by Dr. Arthur C. Jacobson in The Medical Times, New York, in which the following outrageous suggestions are made:

"The feeble-minded would also make good soldiers. They are said to be great breeders.

Why not take advantage of that fact? We think of the reproduction of the unfit as a most unfortunate social matter. It would be a fortunate matter if we handled the problem as it could and should be handled. What society should insure it that no feeble-minded person should mate with a normal human being. But the feeble-minded should be drafted for the service of the State and reproduction among themselves encouraged."

In spite of the fact that I am normally of a religious disposition, there are some things that make me want to cuss. The above quotation, however, does not produce any such desire. It only makes me realize more clearly the utter weakness of words, cuss-words included. It makes me feel like weeping over the helplessness of language.

So in this case I escape the temptation to cuss, because no amount of cussing could do the subject justice.

But don't it beat the very Old Scratch to think that the blood-thirsty war-gingoes can't even have heart enough to spare the poor unfortunate idiots of the

world who, through no fault of their own, come into life handicapped with weak minds and deficient reasoning powers? Such people are objects of pity wherever found. More than any other class they deserve the sympathy and the tender care of the community in which they live. Go ask the mother of a weak-minded child how she feels toward her unfortunate offspring. In every case she will tell you that it is dearer to her than any of her normal children. That it natural and right, because the mental weakling needs her love and protection more than the others do.

Then how do you suppose such mothers are going to welcome the suggestion that their weak-minded children be hunted out and "drafted for the service of the State"—torn away from the protection of home and relatives and pushed forward into danger and death simply because they have no more sense than to go? What about the cold-blooded insinuation that such people are not fit for anything only to be butchered in war? What about a "patriotism" that must rest on that kind of a foundation? Couldn't our silver-tongued orators make fine speeches about basking in the sunshine of a "Liberty" that was bought with the blood of idiots? Wouldn't we "normal men" feel mighty proud of our "bravery" in allowing such a thing to be done?

Oh, fudge!

And then again, bless your soul, "reproduction among themselves" must be encouraged! Do you get that? The normal output of idiots is not sufficient to furnish all the cannon-fodder that the blood-thirsty hell-hounds of Mammonism need in their business. There is a growing fear among the masters that some day the normal men of working class will refuse to become cannon-fodder, and in that event they must depend entirely on the crop of idiots.

No wonder they want "reproduction among themselves" encouraged!

Let the glad tidings go forth—the government has found a use for the idiots.

Glory be!

Round up all the weak-minded people of both sexes, herd them together like cattle, and let them breed!

The low grade of mentality in the offspring makes no difference—the lower the better. The last thing in the world that the military masters want in a soldier is brains.

All they want is flesh and blood, bones and guts.

And the plain, cheap guts of an idiot will spatter just as far when hit with a cannon-ball as the refined intestines of a wise man.

Therefore let us breed idiots for the army!

So sayeth the eminent Dr. Jacobson in The Medical Times.

Well, what do you think about it now, Mister Reader? If you know of any cuss-words that will fit the case, just blaze away with 'em. I'm done for this time.

Comrades.

Give me yo' hand, O child,
And let us walk together,
For the night is dark and wild,
And angry is the weather.

There are great ways to go
Where you and I have started,
And, oh, our steps are slow,
And we have grown faint-hearted.

Come, use my sturdy strength,
And let me use your vision,
Till we have passed at length
To brighter fields Elysian.

—James Larkin Pearson.

HAPGOOD HOOLIGAN

That fetch-taked fool who answers to the name of Norman Hapgood don't seem to have the sense he was born with. Among all the wild-eyed breaks that I have seen in print during this campaign, some of the wildest ones have sprung from the clabbered cocoon of old Norman.

I have already peeled his old top-knot in two or three places in this issue of The Fool-Killer, but as long as he insists on sticking it up in my way I propose to slit it. So here goes another biff at the thing old Norman's silk hat sets on.

Since his feather-legged folly and editorial ignorance caused the death of Harper's Weekly, the old man Hapgood has been trotting around with his arms full of this rotten "copy" and dropping it in wherever he could find an editor drunk or asleep.

Well, the New York Independent has been guilty of printing some of Hapgood's bunk, and I want to quote you here just one little snack of it. He is "trying" to convey the idea that the Wood-gile shebang has done great things for the country, and he "proves" it in this fashion:

"This is not an administration gifted in advertising. Seldom has so much accomplishment been accompanied by so little celebration. The work of the Departments is a notable illustration. Mr. Houston's work, combined with the Rural Credits Act, has done so much for the farmer that it might well have been the talk of the nation. It has also included the first great step toward decrease in the waste of agricultural distribution toward lessening the cost of living. Yet of that record not one man in a thousand has ever heard."

That is a classic. It is worth any man's careful study. Suppose we pick it up sentence by sentence and squeeze the juice out of it.

"This is not an administration gifted in advertising." No, and that ain't the worst of it. So far as the public has been able to observe, this administration is not gifted in ANYTHING except making blunders and running the country in debt.

"Mr. Houston's work, combined with the Rural Credits Act, has done so much for the farmer," and so forth. Great howling catamounts! If it was my ambition to become the biggest liar on earth, I would at least try to tell lies that somebody would believe. Ask the next ten farmers you meet and see if they know anything about the

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

bountiful blessings that have been poured out upon them.

"It has also included the first great steps toward lessening the cost of living." Yes, with the price of belly-timber twice as high as it was before, and going higher every day. Any man who can face these actual facts and talk about Wilson having "lowered the cost of living" ought to have his alleged brains pumped out through the hollow of a gnat's whisker and the hole filled up with frog-eggs.

But in spite of all the great and good things that he says Woodpile and his heavenly host have done for us, old Hapgood proved himself a blundering liar by saying:

"YET OF THAT RECORD NOT ONE MAN IN A THOUSAND HAS EVER HEARD."

The funny thing about it is that people could be so greatly helped and not know it. If you were in great need of something, and were suffering severely from the lack of it, and if the very thing you needed were brought by some good angel and placed in your hands, don't you suppose you would be apt to find out pretty quick that you had it? Or would you have to wait till Norman Hapgood wrote a piece in a paper and told you that you had it?

Religion and Politics.

Not long ago the Durned Socialist got into an argument with a Blessed Republican, and in the course of the discussion the Durned Socialist had occasion to quote a verse from the Bible.

"There you go!" said the Blessed Republican. "That's the way with you fellows—always mixing your religion with your politics. I never mix my religion with my politics!"

"Well," said the Durned Socialist, "I should hope not. And if I had your kind of politics I don't believe I would, either."

"My voice is for WAR!" belov'd the Good Plutocrat. "Yes, but what about your body—is it for war, too?" asked the Durned Socialist.

A FEW SALTY WOPES.

Alas, alack, and ah, me!

Times are not what they once were.

It was not many years ago that one could pick up his favorite family paper, and right before his eyes would rise up Dr. Munyon, with hand uplifted, and he would tell you such tales as made your very blood run cold.

Any man who couldn't contract a good healthy case of the grippé from reading one of Dr. Munyon's ads was utterly devoid of imagination.

Then there was Lydia Pinkham.

I have actually been obsessed to buy myself a bottle from the reading.

If any woman has suffered half the tortures I have been through after reading dear Lydia, she is entitled to be a mother-in-law and get revenge.

And Peruna.

The privileges of the great American reader have been curtailed something fierce.

Think of the time when you could get your picture in the paper and ten dollars besides, just for saying that you had taken unsteep bottles of Peruna.

In the good old days of my youth I was a faithful reader of all the patent medicine ads, and I never in my life read one without experiencing all the symptoms therein described.

Any time I wanted to enjoy the luxury of being sick, I could just hunt up my favorite medical ads and read them, and I had a full-grown case in a few minutes.

But in these degenerate days a body can hardly find a patent medicine ad anywhere, and life is a perfect bore. There is nothing to look forward to but the monotony of being well.

Since the visit of Hews to the West, the Republican farmers out there have decided to grow bearded wheat.

One of these Good-Advice Fountains recently turned out this: "Enjoy what you have; work for what you lack." All right. But say, buddy, after you have worked for it you had better see that you get it.

IDIOTICALS.

Most of the books on "Child-raising" are written by old maids.

Money for Land-Owners! Now watch the Tenant-Farmers get rich!

Neither one of the plute candidates is better than the other. But they are both a good deal worse.

And why shouldn't the Mule Party employ horse doctors—or mule doctors, rather?

The French are shaving off their beards, which is probably an indication that Hews will not carry France.

The Farm Loan Association will help the POOR farmer just about like the opening of a new beef market would help a cow.

At the rate this country is galloping toward hell, it is about time for us to take the word "E. Pluribus Unum" off of our coins and put on "E. Pluto Cuss."

In diagnosing the case of the Democratic mule, Dr. Hews has overlooked a blind eye, a broken hip, a big saddle-sore, three stiff legs and a bad case of political botts, and has solemnly called attention to a gnat-bite!

Are you scared? Well, what, are you scared about? The plutes are trying to scare us all to death with an imaginary booger in order to keep us from seeing the real danger of Militarism and Plutocratic Bossism that hangs like a dead-fall over our heads.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

13 VERY CURIOUS Love Letters: reading two ways, 10c postpaid. Funny? Well, I guess. The Williams Co., Box 608, Huntsville, Ala.

"TOBACCO HABIT Easily Conquered" is the name of a wonderful book by M. MacLevy. Every tobacco slave should read this book. No drugs. Plain and simple rules for changing yourself from a slave into a master. Price \$1.25 net. Albros Society, 181 Lexington Ave., New York.

SWEETHEART Perfume Powder. Sweetest odor. Society people use them for parlors and clothes. Package 10c. 3, 25c. O. H. Moser Co., Rural Hall, N. C.

POWDERS to prevent feet from having bad odor. Also good for Sores and Pimples. 25c and \$1.00. Trial 10c. O. H. Moser Co., Rural Hall, N. C.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis in Randolph, Co., N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the Book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents. NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsom Bldg., King, N. C.

YOU'LL get cards and have friends and sweethearts everywhere. Membership 10 cents. World-Wide Card Club, Dept. F. K., King, N. C.

The Devil's Letter to Woodpile.

The Hot Place,
Sept. 10th, 1916.

Dear darling Woody:

How are you making it these days? Having a pretty strenuous time of it, ain't you? It beats the devil (and that's me) why you want to run for president again, seeing what a stew you have lived in for the past four years. There has hardly been a minute of the time that you haven't had five or six balls of international stocking-yarn to untangle, and with such a gang of financial cats and political kittens to help with the job, you have seldom failed to make the tangles worse instead of better.

But I like your grit. Stick to your balls of yarn and keep on winding. That's the way I got my start. But I'll bet my interest in the Roman Church against your chance of election that you don't know where all your winding will lead to. You don't know that I hold the other end of all your tangled political and financial strings and that every turn brings your whole outfit that much nearer hell.

But it's a fact. My chief Sub-Devil is looking over my shoulder as I write and he says I had better not tell you these things. But he don't know you earthly fools as well as I do. He thinks if you get warning you will turn about and go the other way. But I know you won't. You have had plenty of warning from better men than I am and you never paid any attention to it. Even The Fool-Killer has often pointed out the danger of your wild career but you kept right on. Of course I hate that Fool-Killer because it is always working against my interests, but I must give it credit for telling the truth. And now, to cap the stack, I am telling you the same truth myself, and you won't believe a word of it. I am doing this to prove 'y contention that you earthly fools are determined to come to hell in spite of hell.

My Sub-Devil says I run a great risk of losing American trade, but I say there is no risk in it. If there was I wouldn't do it. As I see it now, the Benited States is just as certainly my meat as if I already had it on my griddle.

Personally, it makes no difference to me which gets elected, you or His Honorable Whiskers. You are both just a like, only I believe Hughes is a little more alike than you are. If you still keep the job of winding the international balls of yarn you will lead your country to hell, and if Hughes takes the job he will get it here just a little quicker.

I wouldn't expect either you or Hughes to admit that you are serving me but you are, just the same, whether you know it or not. Men like you are my main dependence. It is so easy to fool you into the belief that you are leading when you are only following my lieutenants up there. Rockefeller, Morgan, du Pont and men like

them are my right-hand buddies on earth. I draw up the plans and they work by them. We used to be sorter sneaking in our methods, but we learned that you folks were so dense that you couldn't catch on to anything, and now we go at it as boldly and brazenly as a preacher forking out a rooster's hind leg at a Sunday picnic. We don't have to be nary bit sly with our devilment any more, because you fellows are taking it up and making it "respectable."

I have several strings tied to the Benited States, either one of which will lead to this Warm Climate, but the one I am depending on most is the Preparedness string. If you can't manage all the balls at once, I advise you to drop the others and wind like all sixty on the Preparedness ball. But keep one eye on Hughes. He is dancing around there trying to grab it away from you.

Hughes has made it known in his campaign speeches that he would like to unwind several of your balls and wind them different. He charges that you have made a terrible mess of the German ball, and that the Mexican hank of yarn is all spilling off over the nose end of the spool. He says your Tariff ball has got a rat's nest in it, and instead of winding the British string into a ball you merely hobbled it around your feet and fell backwards, kicking over your workbasket and spilling several of your best issues.

Very likely all these charges that Hughes makes against you are true, but I don't see what difference that makes to me. You are doing it well enough to suit me all right. You have certainly got things in a Dickens of a tangle, but that's the way I wanted it done. The only thing I would be uneasy about would be for some man to get in the White House who would actually straighten things out. That fellow Benson who is running for president on the Socialist ticket would give me a black eye if he should get elected. But that possibility is too remote to give me any uneasiness.

Well, get up off of the floor, Woody, before Hughes steps on your face again. Pull your feet out of the British hobble, pour the financial pins and political buttons out of your shoes and go right on winding your little balls of yarn. If you need any help about holding some of the balls, just whistle and I'll come or send a hand.

Sulphurically yours,

SATAN DEVIL.

Your Grandpap Norman Hapgood, in an article which he ignorantly believes to be a defense of the Woodpile administration, makes this brilliant remark: "It is a well-known adage in the law that if you have no case your safest course is to abuse the opposing side." And then, very deliberately and without further delay, Mr. Hapgood proceeds to do so.

CUT OUT THE TRASH.

And here beginneth a little saved-off Sermon on the Paper Famine. You can tell your Pap and send word to your Uncle Hank and his family that there is something badly out of joint in the Paper Market.

The Fool-Killer has been using white paper in considerable quantities for several years, and it never did cost more than \$2.65 per hundred until the beginning of this present year.

But all at once the paper trust took a notion to create a "famine" and squeeze double tribute out of the publishers, and now the same paper costs \$6.00 per hundred, with a prospect of going to \$8.00 or \$10.00 before the end of the coming winter.

The mills claim there is a shortage of the raw material out of which paper is made, and if that is a fact, all papers and magazines must die inside of six months. But I don't believe a word of it. I believe there is plenty of raw material, but they are not trying to get it to the mills. They are purposely slowing down and creating a shortage of the manufactured product so as to pull the publishers for two or three prices.

But we are as helpless as a gang of sheep in a butcher-yard—we can't do a thing but stand and deliver—or quit.

If all the papers and magazines of the country should have to suspend and go out of business, it would make a sensational piece of "news" and no way to circulate it!

But just between you and me and the gate post, we could very well spare a good many of them. Entirely too much good paper has been wasted in printing trash. The big city dailies have to get out a "sporting section" and a "society section" and about a dozen other useless "sections" and "departments" that are a disgrace to civilization. They use whole pages to print the half-naked pictures of society swells, and give long-winded write-ups about the confounded silly capers of Miss Hob de Snob and Mr. Dudel von Strut.

If all such silly and worthless rot could be cut out, and the papers would print only matter that was useful and fit to read, their forty-page editions could be reduced to about eight pages or less, and there would be a great saving in paper.

And on top of that, about three-fourths of the high-brow boodle-bought, lying, lickspittle publications can die and stay dead, and the country will be better off.

A few of the very best papers, including The Fool-Killer, must be saved out of the wreck, at all hazards. I want to see every paper live that is fighting the battles of poor, struggling humanity, and the rest can go. Perhaps the thing we need is fewer and better papers, and maybe the paper famine will prove to be a blessing in disguise.

I have been wondering how long the publishing world could go on at such a furious, break-

neck gait of grinding up white paper, and this seems to be the answer.

But one thing is shore-certain: If you folks will just roll in the clubs The Fool-Killer can stand it about as long as any of them. You-all could mighty soon kill the paper by failing to support it, but I am not uneasy about that. You never have failed me yet, and I don't believe you are going to fail me in this crisis. Stick to me, comrades, and let the paper trust do its worst.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

JOHN FLYNN, Donnah, N. C.—By accident I ran across a paper by the name of The Fool-Killer. As I began to read I began to laugh. The more I read the more I laughed. Finally I got tickled and laughed all over myself. Find enclosed my check for a year's subscription. Please send me five or six copies of different months past.

M. D. BOWLES, R2, Hanson, Ky.—You will find enclosed \$2.00 for twelve doses of your medicine to be sent to each of the enclosed names. If you will send me some sample copies I think I can send you another club before long. Send them and I will set the woods a-fire over here.

PETER SPRAJEAR, P. O. Box 325, McKeesport, Pa.—I enclose the names and addresses of sixteen of my friends and the money order to pay for their subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. All the pay I ask is that you send the paper regularly to these fellows. Some of them have never seen your paper, but took my word for it. So I hope you will give them some real stuff, and most likely all of them will raise a club afterwards.

PERCY GLASCOCK, Box 20, Albany, La.—I have just received my second copy of The Fool-Killer. I showed my first copy to a dozen men, and everyone spoke in favor of it. We are all Socialists here and would all read your paper. We also have a live Socialist Local here and The Fool-Killer will be good propaganda. If you will send me a bundle of sample copies I will see that they fall into good hands and will send you a club. I think it would be safe to say I can get a subscriber for each sample copy.

H. J. PARKER, Santa Anna, Texas.—Your last issue was fine—enough to rid the woods of a bunch of them.

W. D. Harmon, Glasgow, Mo.—I am highly pleased with your paper, which I received last night. I didn't know what kind of a paper it would turn out to be, as I had never seen it before. I am going to show it to my friends.

HERBERT PAYNE, Albertville, Ala.—I am sending you a club for your wonderful paper. I think it is the best of its kind on earth. Hope I can obtain more subs.

H. A. BISHOP, Powell, Ohio.—Your paper is a peach and I have become very much interested in it, and I believe I can get you several subscriptions in this territory if you will send me some sample copies. It has not yet been introduced here and I wish very much to be the one to have this privilege.

JOHN S. BENSON, R2, Bx33, Lake City, Ark.—Let The Fool-Killer come to see me for twelve months. I have been a fool, but my eyes are coming open. I have voted for both old parties but I am done with them. From now on I will vote with and for the laboring man. If you have to raise on the price of The Fool-Killer on account of the Paper Trust, I will help you raise it. Don't ever stop. Shoot it to them. (Thank you, comrade, for your kind offer to help raise the price of The Fool-Killer in case of need. It may have to be done, for the Paper Trust has seemingly set in to freeze us all out. At this writing news print paper is six cents a pound, and it takes a jump upward about once a month.—Pearson).

25 Cents
a Year—
15 Cents
in Clubs
of Five
or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you
get hold of
something
good, pass
it around.
Send in a
big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 1916.

NUMBER 5

YES, I'M SOME PREACHER MYSELF.

A preacher is usually judged by the size of his audience, and if he can get four or five hundred of the brethren and sisteren out to hear him toot his gospel horn once or twice a month, he thinks he is a pretty bang-up preacher. And each member of the flock is expected to shell out a dollar or two about every so often to help grease the gospel gimlet.

That's all very nice and proper, no doubt, and I haven't a word to say against it; but what I started out to say is this: If a preacher is judged by the size of his audience, then I am some preacher myself, for I am preaching once a month to an audience of over 50,00 people. And I don't give them just one little sermon and quit, like the other preachers do, but I stay and preach six or eight good sermons on every trip.

And then just think of the price! Your preacher thinks you are mighty stingy and close-fisted if you don't grease his pocket to the tune of ten or fifteen dollars a year, and he will not get mad if you double or treble the amount. But I give you more preaching and better preaching than he does for only 25 cents a year; and if you'll hitch up the wagon and bring several of your neighbors to meeting with you, you can all get your year's preaching for fifteen cents apiece.

Now, can you beat that for a bargain? I think not. There has never been so much good preaching offered so cheap before, and if you ever expect to get the cuckleburrs of sin curried out of your mane, now is the time. The currycomb of truth which I use will remove the burrs and also loosen up the bark on you old hidebound sinners. It may hurt considerably, and you may have to squirm and twist like five-hundred, but it will be good for you. Delay is dangerous, so don't put it off, but buy your tickets to-day for a year's admittance into "The Fool-Killer" church and tell all your neighbors to do likewise. Help me to get the biggest congregation of any preacher that has ever opened his mouth between the two oceans.

Ten million bushels of wheat going to Europe every week to feed the soldiers and prolong the war. And ten million people right here at home who will starve for that wheat next winter. We are committing a double crime, and still have the gall to pose as a "great Christian nation!" Eternal shame on such pretended Christianity!

LET'S CUT HIM OPEN AND SEE.

Doctor Think, he thought the patient had a dislocated hip;
Doctor Smart was very certain he was suffering with grip;
Doctor Guess then diagnosed it as a swimming in the head;
Doctor Stuff said nothing ailed him, only he'd been underfed.
Doctor Gash said: "Well, by grannies, seeing that we can't agree,
Let's cut him open and see."

Doctor Plug pronounced it measles, pointing to the patient tongue;
Doctor Quack, he said consumption had destroyed the fellow's lung;
Doctor Puff had every reason to believe it was the gout;
Doctor Blow declared his stomach simply needed cleaning out;
Doctor Gash rolled up his sleeves, and with authority spake he:
"Let's cut him open and see."

Doctor Pill believed the patient had a "humor" in his blood;
Doctor Squill said it was hookworm, caught by wading in the mud;
Doctor Doubt said fits or fever, and he weren't quite certain which;
Doctor Claw said it was nothing but the plain, old-fashioned itch;
Doctor Gash said: "You 'uns hold 'im! Hand that carving knife to Me!

Let's cut him open and see."

—JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

BRASS-BAND HYPOCRITES.

No, no, Mister Smart Elick! If you think The Fool-Killer has ever said one word against the true religion—genuine Christianity—you'd better take your thinker to the blacksmith shop and have it cleaned out and repaired. The thing that this old sin-soaked earth needs most and has the least of is genuine old-fashioned, honest Christian religion—the kind that can take a low-down besotted wretch, a drunkard, a thief, a lawyer, a deacon, or even a congressman, and transform him into a decent critter. There used to be that kind of religion on earth, and I am convinced that there is a little of it yet, but it is getting so scarce that mighty few people ever get to see it in operation.

This fine fiddle-diddle sort of religion that is so popular and so plenty everywhere is worth about as much toward redeeming a world as a half-bushel of seed-ticks would be worth in making a family pie. The Fool-Killer does condemn the modern Mammonized churches for their hifalutin formality in which there is just about as much true Christianity as there is guts in a millstone.

If this world is ever lifted up and transformed into a decent world, the spirit of true Christianity must do it. There is no other power that can. But the churches of to-day are largely filled up with white-washed hypocrites who can kiss you on the lips and then turn and stab you in the back before you have time to wipe their nasty slobber off.

That kind of cattle are to blame for the great wave of unbelief that is sweeping over the earth. Those on the outside are not so much to blame for being doubters. They know very well that most of the so-called religion they see around them is a rank humbug, and they naturally conclude that it's all alike. From their worldly standpoint they are not able to see the difference.

If the churches of America would practice what they preach for just one week, can you guess what would happen? Why, bless your mortified gizzard, the red-eyed sinners would be as thick around the altar as tramps around a free lunch counter. There would be more dirty knees than you ever saw before, and enough tears of repentance shed to wash up all the ambar that the amen deacons have squirted over the floor.

Yes, sir, give us the genuine old-fashioned Christianity in great hunks—the more the better—but Lord deliver us from this modern man-made mongrel mess of moral mush dished out by a bunch of brass-band hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer does not give premiums to club-raisers. But instead of that, it puts the premium money into giving you a better paper. My friends love to get up clubs just for the fun of it, and for the good they can do. They are not so little and stingy that they have to have a "premium" every time they speak a word for me. Are you that kind of a friend? If so, please let me hear from you with a big club.

Mister Puff and Miss Slobber.

Old Man Time, as he jogs along, spills out of his leather apron many wonders.

But nothing caps the stack like the things that happen when an able-bodied case of forty-rod love gets breeches-holt on a couple of natural-born fools.

Sufficient proof that God is all-powerful is the fact that He can find mates for some folks that marry. Nothing short of Omnipotence could do it.

It was my luck, not long ago, to witness a scene that would make Cupid crawl in a hole and give Old Harry the blind staggers.

I saw a love-smitten pair present themselves before a dignified J. P. for the purpose of getting their feet hobbled in the saw-briers of matrimony.

The groom was about half drunk and staggard in puffing a cigarette that smelled like burning hog-hair in a skillet. His right breeches leg had a wheel running whompergodlin across it from the south-east three holes and one patch to a rip that was not visible when he sat down.

And the bride was one holy sight. Her face could not possibly have held any more ugliness unless it had been made bigger. She carried in her left hand a snuff-box that would hold something less than a gallon, while the gap in her face was decorated with two streaks of brown slobber and a handspike that did service as a tooth-brush.

Imagine that pair of purty things standing up in the presence of God and man and declaring that they loved each other! But they did it, all right.

Yes, they stood there side by side
While the knot was being tied;
That old stinker he did puff,
While she dipped that nasty snuff.

There they made their solemn vows
To indulge in family rows,
And to work at least enough
To buy cigarettes and snuff.

Now I'm satisfied in mind
It's a blessing Love is blind;
If he'd seen that pair, no doubt
He'd have spewed his innards out.

And the dignified J. P. rose and said:

"Mr. Cigarette, will you take this Toothbrush to be your awful and dreaded wife, to smell together in the rotten estate of matter noses, to keep her in sickness and snuff, to shove and perish her as long as ye both shall live! Now, therefore, I pronounce you puff and snuff now and forever, world without end, amen, and may the Lord have mercy on your poor fool souls!"

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thinking
Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . . . 25 cents
in clubs of Five or More . . . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

Entered as second-class matter
March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at
Boomer, N. C., under the act of
March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscrip-
tion.

Remittances should be made by
registered letter, express or postoffice
money order.

Be careful to write your own name
and address plainly, and direct all
letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is
the Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at
headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty
seventh cousin to any other paper on
earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and
its field is as broad as the English
language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle
collar or halter.

You can put that down to start
with.

I am the fellow that works at the
pump-handle on this pungent period-
ical of thrilling thought. I print only
what I write; I write only what I
think; and I think what I doggon
please.

I own this entire establishment,
and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to
buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great
deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but
I have read a great deal and have
thought some.

And then I started The Fool-Kill-
er just to quiet my nerves and keep
the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded
hills there will go forth each month
a bundle of literary dynamite that will
shake the rotten foundations of soci-
ety and cause the Church of Mammon
at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mus-
tard-plaster for the blood boils of So-
ciety, Church and State.

It is soaked with wit, peppered with
humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and
every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not
subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you
are wise you will. And so that settles
it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, cir-
culation, etc., required by the act of
Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, pub-
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Oct., 1916.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer,
N. C.
Managing Editor, James L. Pearson,
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Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer,
N. C.
Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer,
N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boom-
er, N. C.
(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E.
Pub. and Owner.

Worn to and subscribed before me,
this the 9th day of October, 1916.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26,
1918.

IDIOTORIALS.

Even a hungry man can get
plenty of "food for thought"
these days.

Tell all your friends about The
Fool-Killer and get them to sub-
scribe. Help it to cover the earth.

"War brings out all there is in
a man," says Toothadore Specks-
velt. Such as guts, for instance.

Whistling is a very cheap grade
of music, and is composed of
pucker and wind.

Laugh all you please, but think
some as you go along. The Fool-
Killer will make you do both.

Wonder if Christ ever got \$50-
000 for holding a revival? Per-
haps Billy Sunday could answer.

A man and wife are considered
one, but they often have big
fusses about which one of them
it is.

A man never tries to convince
others that he is perfectly sober
unless he is at least half drunk.

It seems that the intelligence of
the average voter is a good deal
below the average.

An optimist is a fellow who
don't care what in the thunder
happens, just so it don't happen
to him.

One of the most pitiable sights
in this world is the boy who
makes a calf of himself, and mis-
takes an old cigarette for a cow.

If you want to read some of the
richest burlesque and keenest
satire you ever saw, just keep a
skinned eye on The Fool-Killer.

"The Melting Pot" would be a
world-beater of a paper if it
would only stick a corn-cob in its
infidelity bug-hole.

A New York man named Hoe
is being sued for \$225,000 for
breach of promise. Looks like
Hoe just as well dig up.

At the present rate, Woodrow's
low-cost-of living is due to reach
us about the time that old Aunt
Sindy gets to be a little girl.

I want to get a letter right plum
quick from every person who
reads these lines, and I want each
letter to contain a whopping big
club.

If it is right for my government
to tote a big gun and keep itself
in readiness to kill people, why
in the mischief ain't it right for
me to do the same thing?

If the plutes of the Benighted
States want somebody to go down
and defend their property inter-
ests in Mexico, why in the gee-
whizz don't they go themselves?

Many a Rastus whose voice was
made to drive a team of muley
bulls with, has got it hemmed up
in one corner of a two-story collar
trying to make it preach.

Get all your neighbors to hear
me preach for twelve months.
Pew rent only fifteen cents a
year, if they come in five or more
at a time.

The big daily papers have be-
gun to copy things from The
Fool-Killer, which indicates that
it is coming to be recognized as
one of the standard "funny pa-
pers" of the country.

"Washington hopeful starving
people in Mexico will be fed,"
says a headline. Apparently no-
body cares whether the starving
people in the Benited States are
fed or not.

"The American people, on the
whole, are very happily situated,"
says an exchange. Yes, those
who are "on the whole" are get-
ting along plum snipshus, but the
poor devils who are "in the hole"
are having a tuff time of it.

When the devil sticks his head
up out of a barrel of money and
says, "Come here Mister Preach-
er," the poor preacher always
thinks the Lord has "called"
him.

If The Fool-Killer was just like
other papers, there would be no
use to have a Fool-Killer. But it's
different. In all this wilderness
of printed things, this paper
stands out like a white preacher
at a nigger meeting.

Now, boys, as a parting word,
I ask you to show this paper to
all your neighbors and friends
and get them to subscribe. I will
strive to make The Fool-Killer
better and better each month.
In next issue there will be some
juice that will pucker the devil's
mouth to beat sixty.

"PROTECTING PROPERTY."

Both the Democratic and Re-
publican parties have this year
pledged themselves to a policy, as
shown in their platforms, that
will keep the United States in
trouble up to its neck from now
until doomsday.

What is it?

Why, they pledge themselves to
PROTECT THE PROPERTY of
our citizens WHEREVER IT
MAY BE.

This is intended solely for the
benefit of the few Big Bugs, for
the common people will never
have any property to protect in
other countries, and precious lit-
tle here in this one, but the mil-
lionaries are given to understand
that they can go to the four cor-
ners of the earth and invest the
millions they have squeezed out
of the working people of this
country, and their property
SHALL be protected if every
working man of military age in
the whole country has to be fore-
ced into the army and navy and
shot into mince-meat to do so.
Ladies and gentlemen, I am
against any such program with
both feet.—The Curry-Comb.

BRING THEM IN.

Howdy, brethren and sisteria!
How do you all come on this fine
morning? It has been a whole
long month since I pulled your
latch-string and scraped my bro-
gans on your door-step, and I was
getting awful anxious to see you
again. I am your preacher, you
know, and I'm plum doggon
proud of my congregation. I am
preaching to fifty thousand of you
this month. Just think what a
crowd that would be if you were
all together. I have never seen
your faces, and of course I never
will, but we are friends just the
same. I feel a personal interest in
every one of you, and I want you
to feel the same way towards me.
I am doing my best to give you
some jimdandy good preaching.
If you like the way I spoon out
the hot truck, please invite all
your friends to come to our meet-
in'. Pew rent is only fifteen
cents a year if as many as five will
come in together. We are going
to have a regular revival this win-
ter; and the mourner's bench will
be crowded all the time. Every
service will be worth a dollar. So
please show this paper to all your
neighbors and friends and invite
them to our Fool-Killer meetin'.
If they try to make excuses, just
grab them by the coat-tail and
bring 'em along anyhow.

A FIRESIDE TALK.

On each of my monthly visits
to your fireside I always want to
have a little private personal
talk with you before I leave. It
helps us to get better acquainted,
and that naturally makes us
better friends, you know.

I have just been wondering
what sort of a critter you-all
think I am, anyhow. Guess some
of you have got me pictured out
as a regular circus clown, with a
smile that wraps plum around
my head three times and never
comes off.

Sorry, my friends, but you'll
have to guess again. I am just
an ordinary poor country clod-
hopper, with no superior talents
or training, and if you saw me
in a crowd you would never pick
me out for a "funny man." Fact
is, I can't understand how the
notion ever got started that I
was capable of being funny. My
face wears a sad, tired expres-
sion and is deeply marked with
suffering.

I was born in a log cabin and
grew up in poverty. Spent my
boyhood working on a back-
woods farm and had no school ad-
vantages. But I am a graduate
of the University of Hard Knocks,
and am still taking my post grad-
uate course. Have been an "un-
der dog" all my life, and that's
how I know so well how to
sympathize with the under dog. I
feel close kinship with the work-
ers of the world, because I am one
of them by birth and training, and
I hope I will never become rich
enough to forget how it feels to
be a poor little ragged, bare-
footed boy.

"THE PROSPERITY WAVE."

Well, I'll swing,
By jing!
If we ain't struck
The luck!

Prosperity has come,
Kerbum!
And struck us in the back,
Kerwhack!

Just like a wave of gold
It rolled,
And swept us from our feet,
Complete!

Here underneath it all,
We crawl,
And beg like any whelp
For help.

We poor folks never learned
That turned
Old trick of getting hold
Of gold.

We're too weak, I'm afraid,
To wade
Through such a wave of bliss
As this.

Alas, it seems to me
That we
Will have to make this "wave"
Our grave!

Somebody throw a rope
Of hope,
Or we must settle down
And drown!

—James Larkin Pearson.

PETER POORDEVIL'S PRAYER.

Peter Poordevil led in prayer again last Sunday. He got down on his knees and lifted up his voice and prayed as follows:

"O Lord, here I come again. I guess you remember me. I'm the fellow who prayed here a month ago today. That prayer made some of these old gripe-gutted hypocrites as made as the very old Scratch. A committee of them waited on me after meeting and told me to cut it out. They said you was awful busy having their mansions built and decorated, and that you didn't have time to listen to the prayers of such poor trash as me.

Lord, I don't believe a word of it. I have read your Book a good deal and I have never seen anything like that in it yet. They can't make me believe that you are a God of the rich and that you don't care a snap for such poor fellows as me. Lord, I sort of have an idea that you like us poor trash pretty well. If you don't why in all creation did you make so many of us? In fact, it strikes me that you was looked upon as poor trash yourself when you was here among men. Ain't that about the size of it? The Jews and Romans thought you was just a crazy fool, and they hatched up a plan to get you out of the way. And I'll bet two-thirds of the members of this church would help to crucify you again if they had a chance. They use your name as a cloak to cover up their devilment, but they say your system of religion and morals was too strict for this present age. They like to have dances, card parties and church socials and call it religion. They judge a feller's religion by his clothes and the

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

amount of money he can spend to keep up swell appearance.

Now, Lord, I want to ask if that's the kind of a church you established here on earth? I don't think it is; and I don't believe you are going to claim kin with such a church when the get-up bugle sounds.

Lord, I'm just a poor, ignorant cuss and maybe I don't know, but it looks to me like the church of today has got a long ways off from your teachings. If a man today should try to live as you lived and preach as you preached, I'll bet my old hat he'd land in prison or in the insane asylum before hell could scorch a feather.

O Lord, how much longer are you going to let this condition of affairs continue? I always thought your mission was to lift up the fallen and comfort the sad-hearted, but most of your pretended followers do just the opposite—they kick a feller when he's down and help them that don't need helping. They rob the poor and needy and give to them that already have more than they know what to do with. O Lord, such religion as that brings reproach upon your great and holy name, and if I was in your place I just wouldn't put up with it. I'd make my followers toe the mark a little better or I'd give 'em their time and tell 'em to highball.

Just one more request, O Lord, and then I'll hang up the receiver and ring off. If it takes riches and fine clothes and worldly honors to get a feller into Heaven, I want you to please send me some good scheme by which I can rake in a few millions. And if these things are not necessary, then what on earth are the brethren such fools over 'em for? Please answer at once. Amen.

A North Carolina sport is in trouble because he is engaged to two girls named Kate, and he wants to know how to extricate himself. Good land, I don't see what he wants with an extra Kate. Looks to me like two Kates would be a plenty.

"UNCLE CHARLIE" GONE CRAZY.

It's too bad about "Uncle Charlie."

I used to take a good deal of interest in him and his Department in "Comfort."

But, gosh-all-hemlocks! He has spoiled everything! He has gone plum raving becussed crazy over Preparedness, and Old Man Gannett is letting him blow off his crazy steam through the columns of "Comfort" all unmindful of the terrible harm it may do.

Now I didn't expect anything better from J. P. Morgan, C. M. Schwab, Andrew Carnegie, old du Pont and their sort. Because they have Preparedness to sell, we naturally expect them to stir up as much excitement as they can about the "danger" we are in, and how we must "prepare" to defend ourselves, and all that.

But for a man like Charles Noel Douglas, who claims to be a friend of the common people—for him to cut loose and spout such a stream of "scaredness" as he does in his Department in Comfort—hang-taken if that ain't going a little beyond the limit.

If the readers of Comfort are fools enough to swallow all that sob-stuff and allow themselves to be scared clean out of their breeches by the rantings of a nervous invalid, they ought to all be spanked on the bottom and put to bed without supper.

"Uncle Charlie" has for years made great capital out of his helpless, bed-ridden condition, and it has been much to his credit that he could write such bright, cheerful articles under such conditions.

But how the mighty have fallen! From the bright, hopeful optimistic man he was, he has suddenly degenerated into a scared, nervous, howling hyena of hate, discord and war!

Charlie can lounge back there on his soft, springy bed and feel sure that he will never have to go to war, and maybe that's got something to do with his willingness to drag others into it.

But that ain't the spirit of the "Uncle Charlie" I used to know. That "Uncle Charlie" is gone, and in his place we have a wild, howling, fire-eating, nervous, un-

easy, turbulent, trembling, Teddy-phobia tantrum tool, advocating "scaredness" and puking up bloody butcher-knives all day long.

Yes, it's a plum pity about "Uncle Charlie" losing his mind.

FEED AMERICA FIRST

This seems to be a day of new "slogans", and how will the above heading do for one? Try your mouth on it a few times—"Feed America First." Don't that have about the right jingle?

Readers of newspapers and magazines have been bombarded from all sides with "Buy a Bale of Cotton," "Made in America," "See America First," and probably others of the same kind. They are all right. I ain't got a word to say against them. A good collection of "slogans" is a mighty nice thing to have about the house. But it seems to me that our collection is not yet complete, and with your kind permission I wish to add another—"Feed America First."

I am not opposed to giving Europe all the help and sympathy we can spare. The Lord knows she needs it. But sympathy and human kindness should begin at home. We have plenty of poverty, hunger and destitution right here in America, and are sure to have more. Millions of people on starvation right now, and what it will be when winter closes in is too awful to think about.

Yet in the face of these conditions, our capitalistic bosses—the owners of America—are sending food to Europe by ship-loads every week. This food goes to feed the soldiers and keep them fighting, when otherwise they might quit fighting and go to work. But the grain speculators and food sharks must have the money, and it don't matter to them what becomes of our own poor and hungry who must face actual starvation this winter.

Here we are in a land that produces more food than the whole population could use if everybody got enough—and yet half of the people must go hungry. And they are the very people who do most of the hard, slavish work.

Therefore, I suggest that our official and commercial masters lower their sights a little and try looking closer home for somebody that needs help. In other words—"Feed America First."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"TOBACCO HABIT Easily Conquered" is the name of a wonderful book by M. MacLevy. Every tobacco slave should read this book. No drugs. Plain and simple rules for changing yourself from a slave into a master. Price \$1.25 net. Albion Society, 181 Lexington Ave., New York.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis in Randolph, Co., N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the Book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent postpaid for 15 cents. NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsum Bldg., King, N. C.

THE DEVIL'S LETTER.

Hades, Oct. 10, 1916.

To the Women of the Earth,

My Dear Darlings:—Have an apple. Take another one. These are better than the ones I persuaded your Mother Eve to eat six thousand years ago. When I pulled off that little stunt I thought I was getting a firm grip on the fair sex, but somehow the later developments have been a little bit disappointing. True, it was through the agency of woman that I first got the ropes on the human race, but since that time I have seemed to be more successful with the men.

I am glad to say that many individual women have served me faithfully (and when a woman is a devil she is a devil all over), but taken collectively their influence has been against me rather than for me.

Have another apple. Oh, I see you are surprised at my good manners and generosity. Why, bless your hearts, it's part of my business to be nice to the ladies. I have always been able to act like a perfect gentleman whenever the occasion required. Remember your Mother Eve. Do you suppose an ignorant and awkward buffoon could have peddled apples in Eden and opened the market for fig-leaves? Not muchly.

Take another apple. They won't hurt you. That's the same lie that I told to Eve, and she believed it, all right. But maybe you think you are smarter than your Grandma was. That's what's the matter with you modern women—you are getting too smart. Why, I have even heard it reported that some of you are actually wanting to vote. Great iron spoons and club-footed nightmares! Think of it! A woman wanting to vote! The very thought of it gives me the nervous jim-jams.

Being a devil ain't no play job, and I have learned to stand a good deal, but this Woman Suffrage movement is a little too much for me. It simply must have its tail cut off right behind its ears.

What do you women know about voting? And what do you want to vote for, anyhow? What sort of conditions do you want? Ain't you got plenty of saloons and soup-houses, paupers and prostitutes, bond-holders and beggars? What's the matter with your supply of theologians and thieves, churches and chain-gangs, politicians and poverty, schools and scallawags, money and misery? Ain't you pretty well fixed for kings and kaisers, slaves and soldiers, wars and widows? Ain't you got plenty of rascals in high office and honest men in jail?

Then what in the dickens are you all kicking about? For my part, I am perfectly satisfied with the way the men have been running the governments of the earth and I wouldn't have them changed for anything. I will be much obliged to you ladies if you

will stick to your powder puffs and pianos, your button-holes and baby-buggies, your cook-stoves and wash-tubs, and keep your fingers out of politics. The men know their business, and they are running things exactly to suit me. You women would be certain to spoil everything if you got a whack at it. You are too sentimental—too easy to get excited. You wouldn't have the nerve to carry on these big bloody wars, and the stopping of war would nearly ruin me.

And I have noticed that most women have such fool ideas about morals and decency. I wouldn't be afraid to bet a year's supply of brimstone that if a candidate for Congress in your district had betrayed half a dozen poor girls, robbed the bank, and run away with the preacher's wife you would be fools enough to vote against him just for a little thing like that. Now men are not so cranky as all that. They don't care how mean a candidate is—he belongs to their party they vote for him and ask no questions. I'm afraid if you women were allowed to vote you would ask too many embarrassing questions about the candidates.

I believe all good honest, respectable citizens, such as drunkards, liars and horse-thieves, should be allowed to vote; but such ignorant and dangerous characters as the wives and mothers of men—they should be kept away from the ballot box at all hazards.

Well, dear Women, I'll have to stop for this time. Maybe I'll write you again some day. But I want you to be mighty careful with this letter and not let it get into the hands of the Fool-Killer man. I wrote a letter to the Unemployed of the Earth last spring and I am told that it was printed in that confounded Fool-Killer. I hate that paper, because it is doing more to injure my business than a whole stack of preachers capped off with Billy Sunday.

Sulphurically yours,
SATAN DEVIL.

HAVE SOME DOG.

New York.—Mrs. Elmer Black arrived on the Mauretania Friday with a new plan to reduce the high cost of living. "Now when I was in Munich I saw 100 dogs sold for food for one dollar to poor people," exclaimed Mrs. Black enthusiastically. "Of course the dogs had been inspected before the sale, and they were perfectly fit to eat."—News Item.

Well, for the love of Mike and all his kin folks, including his mother-in-law's half-sister! Bow-wow! Yap-yap! Devil's borth and dog-hair! Now don't it make your guts growl to think of that foxy female coming over here to teach us poor devils how to eat dog? Wow! Why don't you bark? I wonder how turnip greens and dog would go together, washed down with goat milk or branch water?

Pray for peace, but vote for the parties that uphold war. You'll be certain to accomplish wonders at that sort of a game.

A SERMON ON BOOZE.

Hello, you red-nosed booze-artist, and all you fellows who whoop it up for Old Mr. Booze. Double up your hind leg and sit down on it and listen to your Uncle preach a few toots. Boys, I can preach against likker and do it with a clear conscience, because I practice what I preach. I am 37 years old and getting older every day, and I can truthfully say that not one drop of your infernal red-eye has ever had the privilege of gurgling down my dumplin-path. I don't have any idea how the nasty stuff tastes, and if its tastes half as bad as it makes some of you fellows act, I certainly have no desire to taste it. Some of you say it tastes good. Well, if it tasted ten thousand times better than honey and sugar and pound-cake and candy and kisses, I'll be dad-swatted if I'd make an infernal nasty wallerin' wild beast of myself for the sake of any dog-gon taste. If the opening chapters of a jag are so sweet and soul-satisfying in the matter of taste, how about that taste that comes waddlin' along toward the shank end of the high lonesome? I have seen 'em come staggering home the morning after with a breath that would run a hungry dog off of a gut wagon and a mouth that must have tasted like a buzzard-roost in hot weather. And yet just as soon as they get over the effect of one bender they go right back and tank up again—willing to repeat the whole beastly performance over and over and over just for the sake of a taste. Don't that jar your grand-mammy's pickles? But, oh, some red-snouted guzzler jumps up and says he don't like the taste of the stuff, but he likes the effect—it makes him feel good. Well, buddy, it must make you feel a thunderation sight better than it makes you look. For the sake of decency, if I were in your place, I'd be willing to whack off a few joints of my good feelings and tack it onto my looks. That would sorter even things up and make you more respectable.

Why, hang-take it, fellers, if I should ever be guilty of pouring my Caucasian hide full of rot-gut likker and cutting such shines as I've seen some of your gang cut I'd be ashamed to look a sheep-killing dog in the face any more. I honestly would. But the booze-artist—does he feel ashamed? Not on your auburn whiskers, Jeems Henry. If he ever had any sense of shame it has been consumed in the liquid fire that filters down his goozle. He can wallow in the gutter for a whole week, and then spruce up on Sunday and go to church and be the biggest duck in the puddle. He can drive along the road with his honey-gal and show her his full length photograph in the mud and never blush.

I have actually heard fellows brag about being drunk, and they seemed to think it was something to be proud of. Lord have mercy on their poor, miserable, mustard-seed souls! I just wish they could see themselves through the eyes

of a decent sober man for about five minutes.

Now, listen, you old booze-barrels, you! If you are just hell-bent on being a hog anyhow, why in the name of sense don't you get down on your all-fours and pray God to give you forked hoofs so you can be a hog right?

The "Advice" an Editor Gets.

Say, you folks who are not editors, you don't have any idea how often you miss a good chance to learn something. An editor, of course, is supposed to know it all to start with, but if there is anything he don't happen to know some wise buddy can purty quick tell him.

It's right plum amusing to me sometimes to sit down and think over the different kinds of advice I get from here, yander and everywhere. If I tried to follow it all I'd get the toe-nails of my reason tangled in the whiskers of my judgment, turn a double somersault into the crazy house and not get out no paper at all.

MISTER TRAIN CALLER.

Say, honey, was you ever in the waiting room of a big city depot? And did you notice the feller that comes in every few minutes and makes a pretense of "calling the trains?" Th. is, he is supposed to be telling the crowd what train is getting ready to start, so they can grab their bundles and crawl on.

But you might listen all day and you never could guess what the old fool was trying to do. The average person would be apt to think he was a Mexican greaser choked on dog-liver and trying to cuss the railroad in the Chinese language.

There he stands with his bay window stuck out like a bump on a tree, and bellers like a bull calf lost from its mammy, and if you had to be hung or understand a single word of that beller, I wouldn't give much for your neck.

I could tie a bullfrog to a stick and poke him in at the window, and he could "call trains" a blamed sight better than some fellers I've heard try it.

It seems that the only qualification the railroads require in a "train caller" is that he must have a voice like dragging a raw-hide over a tin roof, and if he should happen to speak a word so that anybody could understand it, he would lose his job.

If you don't think I'm telling the truth, you just take notice the next time you go to a city. And if you find a train caller in America that you can understand one word out of fifty, please send me his name and a lock of his hair.

Comrades, I am one of the workers, and proud of it. I am a poor man, and my income from The Fool-Killer is my only chance of getting rich. And that's about like a duck's chance of becoming a steamboat. So don't be afraid of sending in the subs. You can't spoil me.

25 Cents
a Year—
15 Cents
in Clubs
of Five
or More.

The Fool=Killer

When you
get hold of
something
good, pass
it around.
Send in a
big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 1916.

NUMBER 9

MONEY TO LOAN.

Oh, "Money to Loan" is a common sign;
It everywhere greets these eyes of mine.
There's money to loan to the merchant-prince
When bad collections have made him wince.

There's money to loan to the farmer bold
Who owns wide acres of fertile mold:
Who keeps a hundred blooded cows,
And rides on a tractor when he plows.

There's money to loan to most any skate
Who has abundance of real estate.
Or hogs or cattle, or bonds or stocks,
To be security for the rocks.

There's money to loan if you're cutting ice;
There's money to loan if you have the price;
But not a plunk, nor a dollar's ghost,
To loan to people who need it most!
—Mason and Me.

A SOCIETY OBITUARY.

From my esteemed contemporary, The Rebel, I learn that the untimely death of Miss Vera Yuceless, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wursen Yuceless, was an event of more than usual interest in the society news of the week.

Miss Yuceless was one of last year's debutantes, and her coming-out party was considered at the time to be one of the most extravagantly elaborate and wasteful that ever graced the columns of a society page.

The Yucelesses are one of the most prominent families in America. Lord Howe Yuceless, one of the most distinguished and respected ne'er-do-wells of his time, came over in 1640. In the Revolutionary War, Commodore Moore N. Yuceless distinguished himself by being opposed to independence until he realized that the American forces were triumphant and then he came out as one of the original exponents of freedom. Since that time his descendants have kept up the Yuceless tradition as staunch and patriotic sons and daughters of the American Revolution.

Mr. Wursen Yuceless, who is one of our leading magnates and financiers, is naturally proud of his name. Other well-known members of the Yuceless family who have figured prominently in society events are Miss Remyne Yuceless, and Messrs. Ever Wazz and Will B. Yuceless.

The funeral services, which were held at the Church of the Sanctified Securities, were a splendid triumph of expensive, ornate and well-bred gloom.

A SERMON ON KISSING.

By Robert Quillen.

There's no telling who invented the art of kissing, but it is a safe assertion that no other inventor ever saw his example so universally adopted or so "gosh-awfully" enjoyed.

Kissing is a pleasure, a habit, an ecstasy, a duty, a sin, a crime—depending altogether on the circumstances.

Kissing a baby is about the sweetest kissing on earth, but it's mighty hard on the baby. He gets such a lot of it. Pretty girls kiss him; married women kiss him; old bachelors kiss him—everybody's doing it. If he were big enough to assert himself he wouldn't stand for it, not all of it, anyway. But, then, if he were bigger no one would care to kiss him.

Kissing a girl whose lips are like warm velvet and whose cheeks are as soft as the dove's breast would be about the niftiest thing on earth, except for the fact that no one gets to kiss that kind of a girl except raw boys who haven't learned how to kiss.

Kissing one's wife is about as near perfect enjoyment as a mere mortal need hope to get. But it's a custom not universally followed. Some men never kiss their wives. And of course some men kiss other men's wives. The man who doesn't kiss his wife at least ten times a day doesn't deserve her. The woman who doesn't want to be kissed at least ten times a day doesn't deserve a husband. And yet, if the old man keeps a quid of cut plug in his jaw, the wife who stands for ten kisses a day deserves a halo and a cushioned seat alongside Job in the New Jerusalem.

There are many ways to kiss. A little baby merely opens its mouth and slobbers. A coy maiden closes her eyes and lips tight and lets some one else do the kissing. An old maid ties her lips into a hard knot and pecks at the victim like a wood-pecker. An old bachelor puckers up and smacks like the dredge of a steamshovel. Wives—real wives—kiss like the lingering clasp of hands between men friends who know how to love. And mothers? Ah, mothers kiss like the soft beating of angels' wings—like the soothing notes of some celestial harp through the twilight—like God's benediction whispered over one's bowed head.

If you want a few shares in the Republican party, you can buy them pretty cheap now.

A SERMON TO THE DOCTORS.

Hello, Doc! I know you are a clever old humbug, and I can't help but like you, but the object of this sermon is to find out what you are good for.

Set down your colored water and bread pills on that-thar stump and let's talk awhile.

You look like a sensible man, and maybe you know a right smart, but what can you do?

That's the question.

You pretend like you can just almost raise the dead with one mighty shake of your drotted little pill-box, and here you go galloping over the country, pouring sick people full of slop and collecting big fees, and when one happens to get well anyhow, you swell out your well-fed belly and exclaim: "Behold what I did with my little pill-box!"

And the worst of it is that so many of the people believe you. They just think if they can get tanked up on about six gallons of your Docdiebug Draps they will soon be able to pick up a bull by the tail and throw him over the barn.

Poor pitiful plugs! They don't know any better, I reckon. But you diked up doctor doinses—you know better. You know that nine-tenths of your belly-wash ain't worth the rain-water and poke-berries it takes to make it. You know if you was half dead you would fight a circle saw before you would take your own medicine.

But this drug-doping devilment is a fine full tit for you pill-pouch parasites, and of course you won't turn loose till you are choked loose.

It's a puzzle to me the way you fellers operate, anyhow. Other people don't get pay for doing a piece of work unless they do it. When I pay the grocer for a sack of flour I expect to get the flour.

When I hire a man to build a house or dig a well, I expect him to do the work—otherwise he gets no pay.

But you doctor fellers must have pay for looking wise and making a blind, staggering guess at something. Hit or miss, it's all the same price. Funny business I call it.

Suppose I wade in a mud puddle and get the hookies, or eat too many cabbages for dinner and have a pain across the small end of my misery. I call in the doctor man and tell him there seems to be something wrong with my 17-jewelled innards, and I want something done for myself right forthwithabub. He sets down his hog-hide hamper-

sack, looks cross-eyed at the mole on my lip, and says:

"Oh, you've got a bad case of Extemporanimus Obstrepidooodle Damfino. Drink a gallon of this medicine every fifteen minutes till you either die or get well. Ten dollars, please."

REMARKS OF THE HUMORIST.

A fork is supposed to leak.
Time will cure snoring, but it's got to be day time.

One of the best possible places to enjoy a vacation is somewhere else.

Beauty is only skin deep, but the envy it creates strikes to the marrow.

Men who live from hand to mouth get most of it on their vests.

Battles could be considerably shortened by fighting in the last ditch first.

Even if a watch is out of fix, it is always possible to tell day and night on it.

When a woman misses her thumb with the hammer she generally hits the tack.

It is said to be mighty hard to drink a hard-boiled egg through a straw.

If it wasn't for fishermen the fish would live forever, as it is impossible to drown them.

A jury is a body of men appointed to say which side has the smartest lawyer.

Some men marry poor girls and settle down, while others marry rich girls and settle up.

The cry of "turn the rascals out" is often raised by other rascals who want to get in.

It is all a mistake about women not being able to take a joke. Just look at the things some of them marry.

Scientists have been unable to find out how a worm spends its time while waiting for the chestnut season to open.

By camping out behind the chimney and rubbing poison ivy on yourself, it is possible to secure an exact duplicate of a summer vacation at one-tenth the cost.

The Durned Socialist was approached the other day by a stranger who extended his hand and said: "Good morning, sir! Your face has a familiar look—where in he'll have I seen you before?" "I don't know," replied the Durned Socialist. "What part of hell are you from, anyhow?"

I am as well satisfied as I ever expect to be in this old wicked world. How are you?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . . . 25 cents
in clubs of Five or More . . . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is the Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and the Fool-Killer isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have think some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct., 1918.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Publisher, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of October, 1918.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1919.

IDIOTORIALS.

Oh, well, there isn't much choice between rotten eggs, nohow.

I expect to live till I die, and that's all anybody can do.

If you want to set a trap for the West, you better not use whiskers for bait.

Well, Hughes has had one "close shave" anyhow, if he never gets another.

Governor Catts will have scratching to get the likker out of Florida.

If you ever expect to run for president, avoid being a judge as you would avoid the plague.

It wasn't so much the strength of Wilson that did it, but the weakness of his opponent.

Now watch the unmarried Congressmen scramble to get a seat next to the Hon. Miss Rankin.

All them whiskers, and still defeated? Then how much whiskers would it take to elect a man?

That one lone woman in Congress will no doubt feel like a vial of cologne in a crock full of soap grease.

It is usually the disposition of people to endure the ills they have rather than fly to other ills they know not of.

At the rate the states are adopting Prohibition, it will soon be possible to get a dram just anywhere.

It is a hard matter to legislate the devil out of men. Sorter like trying to law the wind out of Kansas.

The Devil got on a big drunk to celebrate Wilson's election and was not able to write a letter for The Fool-Killer this month.

It was a case of staying in the fryin-pan or jumping into the fire, and the country just made up its mind to stay in the fryin-pan.

They talk about what is going to happen "when the war is over." Maybe they had better wait till it is over and then talk about it.

In view of what happened to Judge Parker and Judge Hughes, I'll bet a dollar no political party ever runs another Judge for President.

Say, Hiram, it's awful bad manners for you to be always grumbling about poverty. If you don't like it, why don't you flinder away and get rich? That's the way Johndee managed it.

It is said that a man's dog is the truest friend he has. Maybe so, but some dogs show mighty little self-respect in their selection of friends. I have seen dogs trot after men that a decent dog ought to be ashamed of.

Ha, Mister!

Dear Friends:

You know The Fool-Killer has been running away behind schedule time for several months, and it is still more than a month behind, but I have at last gotten things in shape to catch up soon, if nothing happens. Handling the mailing list has been the big job, and sickness and other troubles made it impossible for me to get the work done at the proper time. Hence the issues fell farther and farther behind.

Here at the middle of December I am just now printing and mailing the November issue, which should have been in your hands more than a month ago. But listen! I have just employed some expert help in the mailing department which I think will enable me to mail this issue and also the December issue between now and the last day of December. It will be rushing out two issues close together. And then during January I will pitch in and try to get out two more issues—for January and February. That will put me up with the calendar once more, and I will try to stay up.

I thank you, dear friends, for your patience, your good humor, and your unstinted loyalty during these troublesome months. And now let us pick up fresh courage and make a new start toward the goal of a still greater success. The world is still in a stew, but that is all the more reason why The Fool-Killer is needed. Roll up your sleeves, boys, and help me put this gospel gun into every home in America. See club rates on third page.

Yours gesh-awfull,

JAMES L. PEARSON.

Some wooden-headed mut who wanted to be known as an artist but didn't have sense enough to paint pictures has invented a new-fangled something that he calls "Vorticist Art." It reminds me of where a grocery bill has had a collision with a poor man's wages.

Say, Rube, I am surprised at your ignorance. You don't even know how to get the "protection" of your great American government for your "property". Why, that's as easy as getting justice in the courts. Simply sell your old cow and buy a railroad in Mexico or a flock of steamboats to carry munitions to the Allies. Then Uncle Sam will protect your "property." You needn't to think he is going to fool away his time protecting such a little tad of property as you've got.

THE HOMELESS FLEA.

Two little fleas sat on a rock.
And one to the other said:
"I have no place to hang my hat.
Since my old dog is dead.

"I've travelled the wide world over,
And farther will I roam;
But the first old dog that shows his face
Will be my Home, Sweet Home."

A SERMON ON PROSPERITY.

Well, honey, your Uncle is still able to preach a few toots now and then. Getting pretty weak living on this Democratic prosperity, but as long as I can shake one ear with both hands I expect to keep on preaching to you folks through The Fool-Killer. So double up your hind leg and sit down on it, and I'll reel you off a few hanks of home-spun talk on the subject of "Prosperity."

What in the thunder is Prosperity, anyhow?

They say Prosperity is spread all over the country seventeen feet and four inches deep, but I have not been able to see much sign of it around my shack yet. Surely Woodpile ain't spearding it on evenly. He is dobbing it on thick as you please around the millionaires, but he lifts his brush and passes over us poor devils without giving us a smell.

They are making a great to-do over the fact that since Woodpile became president, forty-one billion dollars have been added to our national wealth.

What of it?

Have YOU got any of them billions?

How many laboring men do you know who have become millionaires since Woodpile went in?

Then where are them forty-one billion dollars?

You can search me.

Well, then, if we poor devils ain't got any of them billions, what good are they going to do us?

Does it help US any for a few multi-millionaires to pile up still bigger fortunes for themselves?

What day are you looking for them to come around and divide up with you?

Certainly there's more wealth in this country than there was four years ago, but that's nothing for YOU to brag about unless you've got a sore place on your thigh made by toting a heavy pocket-book.

How many of my readers have got that kind of a sore place?

In most cases the sore place is a little higher up, where your belly and back-bone have wounded each other fighting over the fat of your guts.

Now, hang-take it, why don't Judge Hughes and Judge Parker go into cahoots in the law business? A shingle with the firm name "Hughes & Parker" on it in big letters ought to get business from all the defeated candidates, anyhow, and that would be some help.

A SERMON ON SUCKERS.

Well, you ternal-nation old half-witted numbskull, I wonder what in the Sam Hill you are howling about this time? Been taking another nibble at somebody's hook, I reckon.

Well, Uncle, as long as you insist on being a sucker, you oughtn't to blame anybody but yourself if you get caught once in awhile. It's the business of sharpers to catch suckers, because they believe that's what suckers were made for.

Maybe some time we will have a system of society that will protect you from your own ignorance, but for the present every fellow has to depend pretty much on his own resources. All who think themselves smart enough to skin you are going to try their best to do it, and it's up to you to prevent it if you can. What you need to do is to learn a little common hoss sense and quit being a sucker.

Suckers are people who bite at every tempting hook that is dangled before their noses, and they always get the worse of it. They merely see the bait, and it looks like something for nothing, and they jump at it without looking to see if there is a hook hidden behind it. But the hook is always there, and the sucker ain't long in finding it out.

Sarn'take your gullible gizzard, how much longer will it take you to learn that this old rattletrap of a world ain't in the habit of giving something for nothing? The slick ducks who get up these glowing propositions for you to bite at—what do they do it for? Do you think their love for you, whom they never saw nor heard of before, is strong enough to make them hunt you up and give you something for nothing? Well, hardly. You look fresh and green, and they have hopes of getting more out of you than they put into you, and that's why they are so eager to cultivate your friendship.

Yes sire—ce, Buddy, you can always mark it down that these here "sure things" will do to keep away from. They are just what the name implies—sure things all right, but sure for the other fellow. If he didn't have that all fixed sold to start with, he wouldn't be coming around hunting for you.

If you have been a sucker, now is a good time to quit it.

These here states what have just voted for Prohibition probably have a sensation in their gizzards sorter like a hoss-thief who has just got religion in one of Billy Sunday's meetings. And it will do just about as much good. Twelve months from now Billy's converts will be stealing more hosses and the "prohibition" states will be dog-drunk on moonshine likker. I know what I am talking about. North Carolina has had "prohibition" for a number of years, and I'll swear she drinks more likker and means likker than ever before.

Club Rates.

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years' old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.



MRS. CORA PEARSON.

Dear Friends:

Some of you know me, and some of you don't. So I take the liberty to introduce myself to the readers of The Fool-Killer. I am the Editor's Wife. The above picture of me was made about twelve years ago, before I got sick. For the past ten or eleven years I have been almost an invalid most of the time, and I have suffered more than words can tell. Doctors and medicines failed to do me any permanent good, but by careful dieting and strict attention to all the known laws of health, I have managed during the past few months to improve my condition a good deal.

I can't do any regular work yet, but I like to have some interesting and useful thing to work at and think about whenever I feel like it. So I have undertaken to become a club-raiser for "COMFORT," the well-known family magazine, my object being to compete for a valuable prize which is offered to the person who sends in the largest number of subscriptions by a certain date.

No doubt most of you are well acquainted with Comfort, so it

needs no introduction. If you are already taking the magazine and expect to renew sometime soon, please send your renewal to me. Or if you will get up a club and send to me I will appreciate it very much. I will handle your money and your names carefully and send them straight on to Comfort. I won't get anything out of it except the advantage of having your names count on my list toward winning the prize. Knowing that you are all good friends to my husband, the editor of The Fool-Killer, I thought you might be glad to do this little favor for his sick wife. Please help me win, dear friends. You are my only hope in this matter, and I am depending on you.

The subscription rates of Comfort are as follows:

One year 25c
Three years 50c
Six years \$1.00

Comfort is a large and interesting monthly home magazine, containing 36 or more big pages each issue. It is the best cheap magazine published. Every family ought to get it. Send your remittance by postoffice or express money order, registered letter or check, and make all orders payable to:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
BOOMER, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"TOBACCO HABIT Easily Conquered" is the name of a wonderful book by M. MacLevy. Every tobacco slave should read this book. No drugs. Plain and simple rules for changing yourself from a slave into a master. Price \$1.25 net. Albion Society, 181 Lexington Ave., New York.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis at Randolph, Co., N. C., about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. A sent postpaid for 15 cents. NEWSUM BOOK CO., 315 Newsom Bldg., King, N. C.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

Drew Cunningham, R1, Wehadkee, Ala.—I want to become subscriber to The Fool-Killer. I stumbled upon one of your papers and was so pleased with it that I don't see how I can get through the world without it, and I have some neighbors that want it, too. So please send it at once. You will find enclosed money order for ninety cents. I think I can send in a few more names if you will send me a few copies to hand out.

Ray C. Quick, Marion, Ind.—By chance I came in contact with one of your valuable little papers, and after reading it through I handed it to some of my friends and was just about five minutes getting a club of seven. One paper is worth a year's subscription to any one. Please send it for one year to the enclosed addresses.

Ben Waggoner, Rostbud, Ark.—I am not a subscriber, but I got a paper from a friend, then just got out and rustled for you a bit, so here I come with eleven more moss-backs. Enclosed find money order for \$1.65. Rush the papers to them.

Geo. W. Neil, Coalmont, Ind.—For the enclosed 90 cents please send your paper for one year to this list. Some of them are high-school boys and need the medicine bad. I got their scalps in the barber-shop. Every sample meant a sub.

Mrs. W. L. Keenum, R1, Ashland, Texas.—Enclosed find club of five. Send the paper soon as you can. The last issue was enough to jar the hinges off the bad place. A few more copies like it will cause the scales to drop from the people's eyes.

J. H. Stamey, R3, Travelers Rest, S. C.—Accidentally a copy of your paper fell into my hands and I got up a club in a little while at a corn-shucking one night. Am sending you a club of nine, with money order to cover. Please send me a few sample copies to hand out.

James H. Burke, 42 Belmont St., Sta. A, Worcester, Mass.—I carry The Fool-Killer around in my pocket and show it to the Dabbs. They like it. Please send your next issue to these seven. Enclosed find \$1.05. Others will follow.

H. W. Lindsay, 79 Penn St., Huntingdon, Pa.—Here are seven more seals I got in no time, just for the asking. Look for more. I was looking over my little book and find I have sent you 89 subs. I must finish out the hundred soon. Start these this month as I promised.

Ernest L. Harris, Shelby, N. C.—I am sending you the names of five young men who are not too young to know a good thing when they see it. And not too old to have a good laugh once every 30 days or as often as The Fool-Killer arrives.

Robert M. Paul, Charlotte, N. C.—Please find enclosed one year's subscription to your paper. Would have subscribed long ago, but have just run across your paper. In fact, I never heard of it before, nor you town, either. Please send me this month's copy and some of your samples. Will be glad to get you more subscribers.

D. O. Stall, 115 Lisbon St., Wells-ville, Ohio.—Enclosed find check for \$4.50. Please mail The Fool-Killer to the accompanying addresses. A few loads of ammunition for your 42 cent-a-munition gun, so fire away and let the good work go on.

A. S. Dixon, Smithville, Okla.—Find enclosed money order for \$1.20 for which send The Fool-Killer to each of the enclosed names, all of Smithville, Okla. As soon as I read the Devil's letter to them they began to hand me their 15 cents and their names. They want a copy if this month's paper is possible, and send me some samples. I can get a good many more subs.

J. Arthur Ross, R4, Bangor, Pa.—Here is another club of seven. Look for another from me in a short time. Wouldn't do without it. Am showing the paper to everyone I meet.

A SERMON ON CARD PLAYING.

Jeeminy crickets! Maybe you thought I wouldn't jump a-straddle of society's pet sin and ride it a-bug-huntin'. Well, you'll see. During my 37 years at knocking about here in this old sinful world I have been an unwilling eye-witness to a good many kinds of club-footed cussedness; but my peepers have never penetrated into the hiding place of a more useless and senseless and devil-inspired business than this infernal card-playing habit.

When I see a gang of boozy-breathed bummers gathered around an old dirty table or goods-box; when I see the cigar and cigarette smoke curling above their heads like an old woman burning a plant-bed, and strong enough to stifle a polecat, I can always guess what they are doing. They have got a bunch of old greasy paste-boards that look like they had been used for shipping-tags to send a nigger baby's laundry to hell and back. It's a sight to see them double up over those old nasty cards and smoke and cuss and play. One feller grabs up the bunch and flips off little bunches to the other fellers. Then they all pick up their bunches and look at them and say "Dam" and throw them down again. They keep that up for hours, and it seems to be awful interesting. But the only effect such a performance ever had on me was to fill me with an unspeakable disgust and a profound pity for such a set of infernal fools. I would hate to be that hard pushed for enjoyment, and I would hate to be so low down that I could get enjoyment out of that kind of a game. I would rather be a hound pup and spin around like a pair of winding blades trying to catch my own tail. I would rather stand out in the sunshine all day and admire my shadow. For real enjoyment I would rather spend my time sticking my finger in a tub of water and pulling it out and looking for the hole. I would rather do most any fool thing you could mention than to be a poor, miserable, low down, besotted, devil-possessed and God-forsaken card player.

When a card player starts into the business, he usually plays "just for fun"—although where the fun comes in it is a nut I can't crack. But of course the old devil has got some kind of an attraction hidden among those old greasy cards, and when he gets a fellow started to "playing for fun" he soon has the poor fool graduated into the betting and gambling class, where fortunes come and go with the flip of a card and where guns and butcher knives abound.

Old Satan is the champion card player of the universe, and he always holds a full hand. He has introduced into society and the church a number of new and "respectable" card games. They have high-sounding names and look so innocent that high-toned society just falls over itself to

give them a hearty welcome. The new-fashioned "mammas" of good old Israel just can't manage to raise money for the heathen any more without a card party or a gambling game at the church, and the daughters of Zion prance around among the devil's old stud-horses till they tear all the lace off of their new Sunday petticoats. Starting with the lessons learned at the church social, it is an easy matter for the young bucks to get them a deck of the "old reliable" and go on to the limit, perhaps winding up with a hemp neck-tie or a zebra suit.

When it comes to playing cards, I don't know "seven up" from thirteen down in the cellar, and if a man should offer to learn me I'd knock him down and stomp him.

A SERMON ON TATTLERS.

Hello there, Old Lady Tattle-trap! The Fool-Killer is out after your scalp this trip. You old long-tongued social viper and neighborhood nuisance, if you don't want me to run a red-hot pitchfork through your old slimy tongue, you had better reel in about 85 yards of it and tie a blanket over your mouth.

The tattler's tongue is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has ever been discovered. It is loose at both ends and limber in the middle, and forked poison plays over it like lightning on a telegraph wire. It is the devil's Jewsharp, and he plays on it all the time.

The only thing a tattler knows to talk about is her neighbors, and she never lets one escape. If she hears something good about somebody she is very careful to forget it, but anything that can be twisted into a scandal is her greatest delight. She begins early and talks late, and the more she tells it the bigger it gets, until some innocent life is wrecked by the poison of a tattler's tongue.

A tattler is a gossip; a gossip is a liar; and a liar is the devil's yaller dog.

Wherever you find a tattler you find trouble—unless she is the leading lady at a funeral and then everybody is glad and in a good humor.

And say, you old breeches-wearing Gabbyjacks, I ain't through till I give your old rusty simkins a few whacks. I know some of your kind of tattlers who are just as bad as the petticoat variety, and you every one ought to be shot in the mouth with a 48-calibre bucket of mud.

Yes, doggon your hateful pictures, you've always got your big dog-ears propped open to catch a bundle of news, and everything you catch is multiplied by four times the length of your venomous tongues and published in The Tattler's Trumpet, which circulates all over the world.

Friends, beware of the tattler's tongue. The man or woman who will backbite other people to you will backbite you to other people. Don't forget

that. Treat a tattler as you would a rattler—keep out of it way.

FUNNY WORLD.

This is the funniest world I ever lived in. In fact, I don't see an use of folks paying their money, and wasting their time going to "shows" to see somebody act the fool, for you can see people act the fool almost any old time you will open your eyes and look.

See that fellow out there who thinks the way to have a "good time" is to tank up on "good liker" until he would be ready to strip naked on the street, wallow in a mud-hole with a hog, shake hands with a dog or sleep with a skunk, and couldn't tell a crawfish from a two-tailed elephant. It would take a fool from Foolville with whiskers on him to beat that fellow at acting the fool. Yet you can see plenty of these fellows in every town, and some of you might see one by peeping in the looking-glass.

And take that girl who thinks she would be ruined if she did not dress in the "latest style," sometimes wearing hats as big as a tub, and again wearing a skull-cap, parading in short skirts, low shoes, transparent hose and half a waist, making of herself a gazing-stock for every leer-eyed pants-wearing scallawag in town. Now it would take some "actor" to act a bigger fool than that, yet plenty of girls are doing that fool act right along, and think it is "just lovely."—The Curry-Comb.

OLD MAN GRUMPUS.

Some kind of a flea-bitten fool who disgraces the state of Oregon by living in it has kidnapped a second-hand typewriter and managed to smear his ignorance over two sheets of paper, and then mailed the stuff to me.

Just like any other common coward, this measley mut forgets to sign his John Henry to his morbid mess of malignant mouthings, in which he tries to demolish me and all my work with one foul blow from his anonymous fist.

The old grumpus don't like what I say in The Fool-Killer, and he don't like my way of saying it. He is afraid the acid in my journalistic juice will take the brass plating off of his pot-metal character and leave him with the bag to hold, as Shakespeare says.

Now I hardly ever pay any attention to these orphan letters that come struggling in from nowhere without any owner, but I merely mention this case in order to ask Mister Grumpus to send me his name and address. I want to mail him a No. 5 thimble to pull down over his head before a cat-bird plucks it for a poke-berry.

Say, Mister, here is another question you can answer while your coffee cools: Do the people belong to the Constitution, or does the Constitution belong to the people?

PROVERBS REVISED.

- 1 The proverbs of Pearson, the editor of The Fool-Killer.
- 2 My son, hear the instructions of this paper, and forsake not the advice of its editor.
- 3 The editor by wisdom hath founded The Fool-Killer, and by understanding hath built up its circulation.
- 4 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the reading of The Fool-Killer is funny.
- 5 A wise man readeth and hangeth to his neighbor, and a man of understanding getteth up a big club.
- 6 Blessed is the man that sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look here! This is a good paper. Don't you want to subscribe?"
- 7 And why wilt thou be cheated by a strange paper, and pay thy money to a stranger?
- 8 Say not to the club-raiser, "Go, and come again tomorrow, and I will subscribe," when thou hast the money in thy pocket.
- 9 A funny paper maketh a glad subscriber, but a foolish paper is a heaviness to the reader.
- 10 The firing pot is for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Fool-Killer killeth the fools.
- 11 As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is The Fool-Killer to the rascals and hypocrites.
- 12 The fool wanteth his paper sent on time, but the wise man payeth in advance.
- 13 Commit thy nickles and dimes to my pocketbook, and thy subscription shall be recorded.
- 14 Whosoever subscribeth to The Fool-Killer sheweth wisdom, and he that getteth subscribers is wise.

There is a kind of cloth on the market called "duck." If a-body had a suit of that cloth and it was a good fit, wouldn't that be a duck-fit?

The owners of the various armament trusts are all mighty good church members, and of course they are praying for peace just like everything. All who believe it, please stand on your heads till I can count you.

Short sermons are not only the most popular, but they produce the best results. If a preacher can't strike oil in forty minutes boring, he has either got a poor gimlet or else he is boring in the wrong place.

Strange as it may seem, The Fool-Killer does not believe in killing people—literally. It only wants to kill out the foolishness in people and let everybody live and be happy. Can you find any fault with that?

A school teacher in a Western town wrote the word "damper" on the blackboard and asked a boy to compose a sentence with that word in it. After some deliberation the boy wrote: "Our teacher is damper-ticular."

And now Bryan has stolen the Prohibition party's thunder and trotted off with it. It beats the dickens what rogues these politicians are, anyhow.

The Democrats and the devil are happy. But it came very near being the Republicans and the devil. You see Old Nick owns both parties, and he is happy no matter which wins. But some of us ain't as easily satisfied as the devil is. That's the devil of it.

25 Cents
a Year—
15 Cents
in Clubs
of Five
or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you
get hold of
something
good, pass
it around.
Send in a
big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER 1916.

NUMBER 7

ALL FOOLS TOGETHER.

Sing a song of foolishness, laughing-
stocks and cranks!
The more there are the merrier; come
and join the ranks!
Life is dry and stupid; whoop her up
a bit!
Donkeys live in clover; bray and
throw a fit!

Don't take yourself in earnest, never
stop to think;
Strut and swagger boldly, dress in
red and pink;
Prate of stuff and nonsense, get your-
self abused;
Some one's got to play the fool to keep
the crowd amused!

Let me laugh at you, then you can
laugh at me;
Then we'll josh together everything
we see;
Everyone's nincompoop to another's
views;
Laughter makes the sun shine!
Whoop-te-doodle-do!

A SERMON ON POETRY.

Up jumps the preacher agin, by
granniz. And if you-all don't ob-
ject, he will now proceed to
chaw up a few cubic yards of at-
mosphere talking about "Poet-
ry."

Say, I reckon most of you are
acquainted with the fact that your
humble servant sometimes breaks
out with a bad case of poetry
when there happens to be no
other disease handy.

But, thank goodness, I never
have had the disease as bad as
some of these here "new poets"
that are taking the day and most
of the night here lately. Honest-
ly, the funniest thing that has
happened in the literary world
since I got old enough to read is
the present "new poetry" fad.

Why, bless yer gizzard, honey,
these here "new poets" have done
gone and kicked the old masters
down into the cellar among the
rotten taters and old shoes, and
have set up a new poetic standard
of their own. They have taken
Rhyme and Meter by their respec-
tive tails and slipped their heads
off against a polyrhythmic saplin.
They have taken the shoe from
the Poetic Foot and turned it out
plum bare-footed. In fact, they
have played general smash with
all the time-honored rules and
customs of Poetry, and the
new thing they have given us in
its place don't fit my conception
of poetry any better than a leath-
er-wing bat's hide would fit a
snow-bird. It makes me feel like
we have swapped a nightingale
for a tin whistle that had been
stepped on by a club-footed cow.

The "new poetry" looks like
the grandmother of a crosscut
saw, and sounds like the howl of
a lost dog at midnight. It strikes
me as being the work of a gang
of literary cobblers who are ambi-

tious to be known as poets, but are
either too ignorant or too lazy to
conform to the old rules. Hence
they are trying to run a great
bluff on us and make us believe
that their sway-backed silly stuff
is real poetry. They want us to
believe that their lack of form is
in fact a new form, and that it
takes quite as much poetic skill
to master it as the old forms.

But it ain't so, sweetheart. There
is nothing to it. I hereby chal-
lenge any "new poet" to this
test: Let one of them grind out
his very best effort in that line.
Let him divide it up into long
lines and short lines just as he
thinks it ought to be, according to
the rules of his new system. Then
I will take it and write it out in
plain prose form. Then I will ask
some other "new poet" who has
not seen it in its first form to turn
it back into "new poetry", divid-
ing it into lines exactly like the
first poet wrote it. I'll bet my
tuther breeches against your Aunt
Sindy's corset that it can't be
done. Furthermore, I will take
a pair of tin scissors and a Gov-
ernment Report on the Cattle Tick
in Texas, and in five minutes I
can clip out and paste together
as good a "new poem" as any of
'em can write between now and
next lassy-makin time.

A TIP FOR FORD.

Our friend Ellis O. Jones has
given Henry Ford some mighty
good advice. He says if Henry
wants to become a real success
in life he must study the highly
perfected methods of John D.
Rockefeller. Let him go to New
Jersey, Colorado, and other
Rockefeller dominions, and ob-
serve how splendidly Mr. Rocke-
feller manages his help. The
trouble with Mr. Ford is that he
possess the fatal faculty of getting
along too well with his men. He
is too liberal with them. This
makes them so annoyingly happy
that they never want to strike,
and so they furnish the authorities
no excuse for shooting them down.
Mr. Ford should mend his ways.
He will never get rich if he keeps
that up.

Over and above the considera-
tion of any one class should be
the welfare of the whole people.
If a few speculators—or even a
few producers—get rich on war
traffic while the whole American
nation suffers for food—is it
right?—is it justice?

The way Ted delivered the Pro-
gressive vote to Hughes was sort-
er like a man trying to tote water
in a sifter. He didn't get there
with much of it.

WOW! OUCH!

Hank-take the sarn-fetched,
low-down, lousy, lamper-jawed,
leer-eyed, liberty-hating lollops
who are trying to muzzle the
Great American Press.

As if the newspapers and maga-
zines were not being hit hard
enough by the paper trust, now
here comes a set of puffed-up pea-
nut politicians and saved-off
scrubs of scallowag statesmen
and threaten to hit us poor editors
another knock-out blow by rais-
ing the postage rates on us.

So they are going to git us a-
go'in' and a-comin'.

What does it mean, folkses?
Looks to me a tional-nation
sight like some unseen power in
our government or behind it has
made up its mind to utterly crush
out and destroy the newspaper
profession in this country. That
power—whatever it is—is oppos-
ed to intelligence and don't want
the people to keep informed. It
thinks the people are reading and
studying—too much—getting too
well posted on the skin-games em-
ployed against them—and it is
necessary to cut off their main
source of intelligence in order to
keep them in the dark.

That the power or influence
which has run up the price of
paper is the same power or influ-
ence which is now trying to run
up the second class postage rates,
nobody can doubt for a minute.
The methods are the same, and the
object is the same. Somebody in
this country considers it their
business to wreck the newspapers.
But who? That the question.

But shore as you are born,
honey, that's just what we are up
against. These enemies of free
speech and free press are working
overtime to silence every free
press in America. If they can't
do it by thribbling the price of
paper, then they'll slip up on the
blind side of us and soak it to us
in the postage bill.

Going to make us pay about six
prices for postage to send out our
papers, after having already paid
three prices for the white paper to
start with. Who but an enemy of
enlightenment could suggest such
a rotten scheme? Who except an
unholy combination of Devils
and Dollars could be mean enough
to do it?

But say, honey, I want you to
get this as straight as my old au-
tomatic word-gun can squirt at
you: The Fool-Killer is not going
to be bluffed nor scared by any
such business. They can make it
harder for The Fool-Killer to live,
and they can finally kill it if they

keep on; but when it dies there
won't be many other papers left.
Why, blame it all, if they push me
to it, I can pay ten cents a pound
for paper and an average of five
cents a pound for postage, and
still run this red-hot rag of rebel-
lion right along. And I can do it
without raising the subscription
price of the paper, too. Say,
honey, suppose you cut loose and
become a regular club-getter for
this fool paper! Send in as many
big clubs as you can at 15 cents a
year each, and I'll be moderately
durned if I don't keep 'em awake
for twelve months, anyhow.

PARAGRAPHS.

I am coming to believe that
there may be hope for the coun-
try yet. At least five congress-
men and two U. S. Senators have
begun to read The Fool-Killer.

The Fool-Killer is still a little
behind, but it is coming in a trot.
About next month it'll have old
Daddy Time by the chin whiskers
making him yell for the police.
Look out!

If the human race finally de-
stroys itself in war and depopu-
lates the earth so that God has to
re-stock the old ball of mud, if I
was Him I'd try tabby cats or
white rabbits next time.

Papers all over the world are
copying things from The Fool-
Killer. An exchange just receiv-
ed from far-away Australia plays
up one of my pieces in big type.
Reckon I'm glad? Well, sorter.

One good way to reform the
children would be for their dadies
and mummies to quit being so con-
foundedly hypocritically, cussed-
ly rotten mean. Am I talking to
you?

The Washington Herald reports
that Villa has been passing off the
time lately by getting married.
Provided she was in a good strong
iron cage, I would like to take a
look at the woman who would
marry Villa.

What's this I hear about the
war going to stop, maybe? Gosh,
don't you know that would most
kill dear old Morgan and his
gang of profiteers? Do tell 'em
to keep on fighting, for Morgan's
sake.

It ain't nary bit of wonder to
me that Harper's Weekly went
up the spout and petered out.
Even The Fool-Killer would soon
go to smash if it had such a crazy
cuss as old Norman Hapgood to
pour his putrid political paliver
through its columns.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor
Boomer, . . North Carolina.

One year to your heart . . . 25 cents
in clubs of Five or More . . . 15 cents
(Canadian rate, 25c. a year in clubs)

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, . . North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood toils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

Of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct., 1918.

Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.
Managing Editor, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.
Bus. Mgr., James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.
Publisher, James L. Pearson Boomer, N. C.
Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, the 9th day of October, 1918.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1919.

PARAGRAPHS.

Now if we all just had a few thousand bales of cotton!

The jingo's idea of Peace: An uninteresting interval between fights.

The snow always seems to come when a feller's shoe has a hole in it.

We are going to get out of Mexico—IF so and so. Yes, and the devil would be a saint—IF.

You can get on the good side of most any feller by asking him where he got such a purty shirt.

The Fool-Killer has just discovered why Hughes got beat. He had neglected to take "Nuxated Iron."

And now the mystery is, how the world ever got along for nearly 6,000 years without "Nuxated Iron."

You may "know beans" when you see 'em, but you've got to be purty doggon rich if you eat 'em these days.

Yes, honey, "we" are a powerful rich people. But yqu and I don't belong to the "we" class, I'm afereed.

Pretty soon now we will start out to catch Villa some more. Why don't you jine the army, Mister Patriotic Fool?

With most of our young sports, it takes a six-shooter and about a gallon of old corn juice to give Christmas the right flavor.

Plutocracy cracks the walnut, eats all the goody, and flings us the hull. Oh, oughtn't we to be thankful for the hulls?

About a dozen nations already whipped, and nary victory gained yet. It shore does look like it's about time to quit.

In his efforts to defend himself against himself, poor, puny man has made a considerable nasty mess of it.

And that Mexican wench, all single-handed and alone, has done what the whole United States army couldn't do—she has "got Villa."

Wilson thinks there is no hope of getting us into war until we get a bigger army and navy. Therefore he is tearing his fried shirt to make 'em bigger.

If poetry would fill the belly, then poets would never have to go hungry, and most everybody would be poets. And wouldn't that be some nice?

Why all this fuss about cold storage food? If the storage folks can keep it on American soil maybe we can manage to get some of it after awhile. Our chance at it is at least some better than if it was sent plum away. Change ends with your cusser, please.

Booming Again!

Business in this shebang was a little bit dull during the past summer and fall, but now it is on a big boom again, and I have good reason to believe that the year 1917 will be the best year this paper has ever known. Let every reader help to make it so.

Don't let any person in your community see any peace until everyone's name is on The Fool-Killer's subscription list.

In spite of the high price of print paper, this-here jolly journal of jabber-juice is going to keep right on keepin' on. It can stand it just as long as any of 'em, thank you.

So let everybody keep busy rolling in the clubs, and I'll keep my gab-mill oiled and try to give you your money's worth—and then some.

Is it a bargain?

Say "Yes sir" and go to it.

Thank you!

Please give careful attention to the article about "COMFORT" on third page under the picture of Mrs. Pearson. You can't afford to ignore this very reasonable request from a sick woman whose life for many years has been one long agony of suffering. Please send her as many COMFORT subscriptions as you possibly can. Every one will help toward winning the Prize that she is working for, and the Prize is something that will brighten her life and help her toward getting well.

I have heard it said that a turkey dinner is pretty good eating. I wonder if it's a fact?

Dog-sarn the sarn-taked luck, whatever did become of that million dollars somebody was going to give me for a Christmas present? I ain't seen hair ner hide of it yet.

A masher by the name of Wax is said to have courted and married various and sundry wives, and straightway left—them to court and marry others. That's one case where Wax didn't stick.

Billy Sunday skins the Unitarians when he is out of their territory, but when he goes to Boston he never says a word. That's the kind of a brave feller your great Billy is.

In his relation to American politics, the devil is like a church member I used to read about. He joined every church he could hear tell of, saying that if one didn't get him to heaven another would.

When We Evolute Some More.

Wiggling tadpoles!
Mother of monkeys!
And the Old Scratch climbing a pole!

I see where another one of them-thar University of Chicago professors has broke out in a fresh place.

The story is told by a writer in The Rural Weekly, and the substance of it is that Prof. Frederick Starr has poked his head through a crack in the high board fence that divides the present from the future, and has thus been able to see what the men-and women of the future will look like.

And gee-wilikins! If Fred's eyes don't fool him, the future inhabitants of the earth will certainly be beaunts. They will be toothless, hairless and toeless, says the professor. These results will come about through the workings of evolution, the well-known science invented by Mr. Darwin.

Prof. Starr goes on to prove by the downrightness of straight up that the human race is gradually tending toward a toothless and hairless condition, and that our toes will drop off one by one like faulty cucumbers after a big frost.

Well, there is always two sides to every question, and sometimes five or six. The loss of our hair, teeth and toes would seem bad, at first, but when you look at it from all sides it may not be so bad, after all. We won't be bothered any more with toe-itch, toothache and head-lice, and that will help some.

In regard to eating, we can live on thin soup for a few hundred years, and by that time evolution will have done away with the stomach entirely. Then we can just kiss our bald-headed wives for breakfast, lick our lips for dinner, and think about it for supper. The time we now waste in eating can be used for work, and—but say!—what in the thunder will we work for if we don't need to eat? Clothes? Shucks, that won't do, because evolution has got into the fashion business and the tendency is to less and less clothing every year, especially among the women. At the present rate we will all be going naked as peeled oysters long before our teeth and toe-nails depart.

Verily, it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but if we continue to evolute till we get thoroughly evolved all over, I just bet we could take a prize at a beauty show.

Grandmother—"Why, Bennie, what a big dinner you are eating for such a little boy!" Bennie—"Yes, Grandma, I know. I ain't very big, but I've got an awful thin shell."

MISS TRUTH.

Miss Truth got to dreaming
That she was left all alone,
So she started on a journey
To see who was on the throne.

She buckled on her armour
And went out to investigate,
And many of her neighbors
Said, "We think you out of date."

She called on the minister
Who lived upon the way;
He said, "I will speak to the people,
And tell you what they say."

Then she concluded
She would take the paper route;
The editor he informed her
That she was down and out.

"Mr. Editor, you could assist me
And help me on the way;
But the money is what you want,
And you don't care what you say."

She called upon the merchants
And bankers of the town;
They said, "We are sorry,
But your opponent has been
around."

She met up with a doctor
And told him of her fix,
And he said, "You see the fakirs
And get posted on the tricks."

She went to the trusts' headquarters,
And they said with a grin:
"There is no place in our business
That we care to use you in."

She went to the legislature,
Where they make so many laws,
And use such bad material
That they're loaded down with
flaws.

She called then for Congress,
Where the politicians reigns,
Where they make lots of shoddy laws
Without the use of brains.

She was invited into the hall,
But she was called as a spy,
Where the gang of politicians
Were entertaining Mr. Lie.

She then called on the president,
Mentioned how Congress was erat-
ing;
He said he was busy on his job—
Not busy—just "watchful waiting."

Then she met a prohibitionist,
On the water-wagon still;
He said, "We will run the whiskey
down,
And the water up the hill."

She then met a Socialist
Who seemed travelling all alone;
He said, "If you will go with us,
We will place you on the throne."

Now you blooming rascals,
Running things on this low grade,
It may so discourage Miss Truth
That she will die an old maid.

S. J. CROW.

Winter Garden, Fla.

A SERMON ON HAPPINESS

Happiness is not in possessing,
but in pursuing. This gem of
thought occurred to me one day
when I saw a pup chasing my cat,
Mike. Mike was curled up asleep
on the back porch when the pup
spied her. She was nice and soft
and white and brinded, and the
pup thought there would be lots
of fun in tousling her around
some.

The pup was not a philosopher.
It was only when he had chased
her into a corner and received a
sharp snap on the nose from her
velvet paw with claws unsheathed,
that it dawned upon his benighted

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

In sending in clubs, be sure to write each name and address very carefully. Remember that a name which looks plain to you in your own handwriting might not look so plain to a person who is not acquainted with your handwriting. Therefore WRITE VERY CAREFULLY. If possible to have the list typewritten, so much the better.

The Fool-Killer is now going on seven years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

intellect that things are not al-
ways what they seem.

If you want to enjoy life to its fullest extent, you must learn how to pursue happiness scientifically. It's very simple, once you get the hang of it. Just bear in mind that there's no such thing as satisfied ambition.

Ever hear about the fellow who sat down and cried for more worlds to conquer? That man was like the pup—he was not a philosopher.

It stands to reason that anyone with a talent for conquering worlds could never be satisfied with conquering just one. Very well. What should he have done? There are at least two things he could have done. He could have liberated the world and bagged it again, using a different method. Or if that seemed too tame, he could have left a trusty man in charge and gone gunning for other worlds. But to cry—actually cry! A man who could conquer a world and then cry—bah! He was utterly devoid of resource.

Yes, sir, we are all pursuing something—and in pursuing this something we are happy. Some of us are foolish enough to think we won't be happy till we get it, but let me tell you that you won't be happy then.

Why not?
Because there won't be enough of it.

You'll want more; and you'll go after it, tooth and nail, too.

We all want more—and of a different kind—and of a better quality; and we're going after it, and that's what keeps things jogging along on this little old planet of ours.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

B. E. F. Bucklew, R4 B71, Terra Alta, W. Va.—Oh, how glad I am on this beautiful frosty morning! I said out a rabbit-hunting, and believe me, by the powers that be, I slid onto 18 of the bunnies. And here is a post-office money order for 270 pennies to pay for their medicine. Please send each one a dose each month, and I know it will do 'em lots of good, as they have some hard sides to send it down. By-by, honey, till I come again.

The Curse of Habit.

See that pious preacher
With a big cud in his jaw;
The devil, this discerning,
Presents him his paw.

Then behold another
With a roll between his lips;
He's working for old Satan
And accepting little tips.

Then the third comes along
Puffing from a stem;
Imps salute him kindly
And say he is a gem.

The fourth comes next,
And innocent youth,
Smoking cursed cigarettes,
To ruin him, forsooth!

Thus the church and the world
Are pandering to the devil;
Churchanity and idolatry
Are nearing a dead level.

J. B. DOWTY,
Grantsboro, N. C.

NAMES WANTED.

Friends, I want to ask a favor of you. I want you to send me a list of names of people you think would enjoy reading a real wide-awake paper like The Fool-Killer. First and foremost, get all the subscriptions you can and send them in, and then send me the names of a dozen or so of your friends who are not subscribers and let me send them sample copies. Select the names of people who will enjoy reading something warm and who are not so "goody-goody" that they can't endure a plain, flat-footed statement of the naked truth.

Now, friends, don't neglect this. Better do it right now, before you forget it. Send in a big club if you can, but if you can't get the subscribers you can certainly send me a list of sample copy names. Let me hear from every one of you.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"TOBACCO HABIT Easily Conquered" is the name of a wonderful book by M. MacLevy. Every tobacco slave should read this book. No drugs. Plain and simple rules for changing yourself from a slave into a master. Price \$1.25 net. Albion Society, 181 Lexington Ave., New York.

LIFE OF NAOMI WISE. A true story of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Johnathan Lewis at Randolph, Co., N. C., about 160 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound. All sent prepaid for 15 cents.

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MRS. CORA PEARSON.

"COMFORT"

Dear Friends:

Some of you know me, and some of you don't. So I take the liberty to introduce myself to the readers of The Fool-Killer. I am the Editor's wife. The above picture of me was made about twelve years ago, before I got sick. For the past ten or eleven years I have been almost an invalid most of the time, and I have suffered more than words can tell. Doctors and medicines failed to do me any permanent good; but by careful dieting and strict attention to all the known laws of health, I have managed during the past few months to improve my condition a good deal.

I can't do any regular work yet, but I like to have some interesting and useful thing to work at and think about whenever I feel like it. So I have undertaken to become a club-raiser for "COMFORT," the well-known family magazine, my object being to compete for a valuable prize which is offered to the person who sends in the largest number of subscriptions by a certain date.

No doubt most of you are well acquainted with COMFORT, so it needs no introduction. If you are already taking the magazine and expect to renew some time soon, please send your renewal to me. Or if you will get up a club and send to me I will appreciate it very much. I will handle your money and your names carefully and send them straight on to COMFORT. I won't get anything out of it except the advantage of having your names count on my list toward winning the prize.

Knowing that you are all good friends to my husband, the editor of The Fool-Killer, I thought you might be glad to do this little favor for his sick wife. If you will all help me just a little I can easily win the prize that I so much desire. Please help me win, dear friends. You are my only hope in this matter and I am depending on you.

The subscription rates of COMFORT are as follows:

One Year	25 cents
Three Years	50 cents
Six Years	\$1.00

COMFORT is a large and interesting monthly home magazine, containing 36 or more big pages each issue. It is the best cheap magazine published. Every family ought to get it. Please send me your own subscription for as many years as you can, and if possible send me a big club of your friends. Remember you are doing this for a sick woman whose life will be made brighter and happier by your kind deed. Surely each and every friend of The Fool-Killer will be glad to do this much for me. Write all names and addresses very plainly and send remittance by postoffice or express money order, registered letter or check, and make all orders payable to:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
BOOMER, N. C.

HOME-MADE POETRY

By James Larkin Pearson.

Oh, Sleeping Muse!

Oh, sleeping Muse, awake, arise,
And open wide your dreamy eyes,
And sing a glad and joyful song
To cheer me all the way along.

It seems an age, O Muse divine,
Since you have sung a lilting line,
And all my being will rejoice
To hear again your gentle voice.

For willing Muses, great and small,
The dews of inspiration fall;
The hills, with silent beauty crowned,
Are calling to you all around.

So grant the wishes of a friend,
And make of silence now an end;
Since we have called and waited long,
Now answer gladly with a song.

I'm Glad You Ain't So Hard to Please.

If I was purty like you be,
An' looked so like a queen,
I wouldn't have a man like me,
Ner none I've ever seen.

If I had all that lovely hair,
An' them two killin' lamps,
I'm mighty shore I wouldn't care
Fer men, the dirty scamps!

If I had cheeks like them o' your'n,
An' lips to match 'em so,
I'd let the men jes' weep an' mourn
Bekaze I told 'em "No!"

If I had all your splendid charms
That are so good to see,
I wouldn't want no old man's arms
A-messin' over me.

If I could wear the things you can,
An' keep 'em all so neat,
He'd be a mighty lucky man
On whom I'd wipe my feet.

But jes' bekaze it's you 'at be's
So purty in the face,
I'm glad you ain't so hard to please
As I'd be in yer place.

That Sheep's A-join' to Bleat.

I knowed a man one time, I did,
Who stole a sheep an' kep' it hid,
An' thought he'd keep a-hidin' it
Till everybody would forgit.

An' so it went on that-a-way,
An' he was safe from day to day,
Till someone passin' by his gate
Heard somethin' mighty like a bleat.

They hunted then an' found the sheep,
Which caused the man to mourn an' weep,
Bekaze he couldn't git no bail,
An' had to toddle off to jail.

Now there's a lesson you should take,
An' thus avoid the same mistake:
Don't dabble in no kind of sin
You wouldn't like to be caught in.

You might disguise it with a smile
An' keep it hid a right smart while;
But, sure's you're livin', soon or late,
That doggon sheep's a-join' to bleat.

Supper-Time.

O mammy, whar's my cup o' milk?
An' whar's my chunk o' bread?
I wants ter eat my supper now,
An' go ter bed.

We don't have nothin' much ter eat,
We's allers bin so pore;
We jes' makes out on bread an' milk,
An' nothin' more.

But, lardy! Jes' to crumb it in,
An' eat it wid a spoon!
Dat 'ol'y am a-plenty good
Fer any coon.

A LOVE STORY.

I warn you that this is a love story. You may have read hundreds of other love stories just like it. But one more won't hurt you. So dive in and read this one.

Ethel had pretty brown eyes, of course. All the Ethels and Bernices and Mabels and Maudes that you meet in love stories invariably have pretty brown eyes. Or they may be blue. Or even black. It really don't matter about the color. John Henry would fight Hindenberg's army single-handed rather than have Ethel's eyes changed from just what they are. And if John Henry is satisfied the rest of us have no right to complain.

This particular John Henry was satisfied with the color of this particular Ethel's eyes, but the cold stare they gave him when he passed her on the street left something to be desired, according to John Henry's way of seeing it.

Also Ethel's lips were models of perfection. Even an impartial judge would be bound to admit that. But somehow those perfect lips found it impossible to utter certain words John Henry wanted to hear. Only three words—and they were short and easy ones, too. You might try guessing them. If you guess eight times and miss it, then I'll tell you.

There! I knew you'd guess them the first time.

But Ethel couldn't say those words to John Henry, in spite of the fact that he had said them to her so many times and tried his best to teach her.

John Henry at last made up his mind that life was no longer endurable unless Ethel's perfect lips could be taught to say those three little words to him.

So he bought a big chunk of life insurance, secretly naming Ethel as the beneficiary, and then courted death. Every dangerous place that there was any excuse for getting into—there you would find John Henry. He came to be known as a regular dare-devil.

But he did have the cussidest luck trying to get killed! Every good chance of death that he jumped at seemed to dodge him, and he went through without a scratch.

Death is like a woman. If you try to court her she will run from you. But if you go on unconcerned, as if you didn't know she was in the world, she will chase you all over seven states till she gets you.

And so it turned out that death was just as impossible to get as Ethel was, and John Henry was up against it all around.

What next?

"Well", says John Henry, as he hit the ground unhurt after falling out of a flyin'-machine, "it's just like this: I simply won't have neither one of them cussed critters. Ethel ain't much pumpkins, nohow. She is hump-backed and knock-kneed and pigeon-toed and squirrel-toothed and

squint-eyed, and never did have more than half sense. And that other female that I have been chasing—Death by name—ain't what she is cracked up to be, neither. Her face is too pale and her hands are too cold, and she stinks. No more of that for me. I am going to get rich and run for Congress and have my picture in the papers and get invited to swell dinners, and things like that. See if I don't make them jades wish they had shown more respect to me! Just watch me and see if I don't!"

In this highly elevated mind John Henry lifted his head and started to walk home. On the way he met Ethel in the road, but he was looking so high he didn't see her until he stumbled against her and fell and broke his neck.

I just had to get rid of that rascal some way, and that was the only way I could think of. If Ethel don't like it, she's got a poor way of helping herself. The durned little fool ought to have taken him while she had the chance.

All is Vanity Sayeth the Prophet.

I picked up a mail order catalogue and looked in the toilet department, just to see what-all kinds of truck it does take to supply the demands of the female wimmen.

There were soaps, powders, puffs, perfumes, hair growers and hair removers, hair curlers and hair straighteners, creams, lotions and salves, grease, gums and gol-dingets. And there was also truck to make lean people fat, and then some truck to make fat people lean.

And all that put me to thinking. Some of these things are useful and necessary, no doubt, but it was the hair business and the fat business that took my time.

Miss Primp has straight hair and wants it curly, while Miss Peggy has curly hair and wants it straight. Always crazy for something they ain't got, and just as soon as they get it they want to swap it for something else.

Miss Longshanks wants to be fat and chubby, while Miss Bunty would give a war-pension to be tall, slim and graceful. And if they could both be transformed into what they want to be, they would immediately want to be changed back. Which proves that we are all a set of blamed idiots and don't know what we want.

NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF.

It is either going to be peace or pieces with Europe pretty soon. There is an increasing amount of peace talk on every hand, but that with itself is not so significant as the increased frequency and emphasis with which the various powers are disclaiming responsibility for having started the war. They are all looking for a way out of a muddle that nobody is proud of.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLKS.

J. B. Rutherford, 322 Pacific Ave., Long Beach, Calif.—Some fool friend sent me a copy of The Fool-Killer, and I find I am fool enough to send you the money to supply it to five other fools. Misery loves company, and The Fool-Killer is company enough to make any fool happy.

J. C. Hunnycutt, R5, Marshville, N. C.—Owing to the fact that all the kept presses lie like an ash-hopper, I realize that it is difficult for a working man to get at the political truths of this nation, unless he reads The Fool-Killer. For humor and genuine horse-sense The Fool-Killer has them all skinned, in my estimation. Enclosed please find money order for a year's subscription to something worth while.

Dr. W. H. Scott, R2, Ovid, Mich.—Please put "Route 2" on wrapper, as there are other Scotts here and I have not got a paper since August. If you can, please send the back numbers. I prize The Fool-Killer more than any dollar paper, and don't want to miss one.

Ruby Godwin, R2, Pelham, Ga.—By chance I read one of your little papers, and can truthfully say I haven't read anything in years that appealed to me so much for truth and common sense.

O. A. McClure, National City, California—I am sending you \$1.05 for subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. Will send more as soon as I can. The Fool-Killer is the hot stuff for the people. Send it right along.

Thomas Charnesky, 141 West Main St., Salem, Ohio.—Here are five more subs for The Fool-Killer. Enclosed find money order for same. Your little paper is doing a lot of good, and lots of thought in it. The only time us short-eared mules ever have a good laugh in our work-house is when we get The Fool-Killer. Wish it would come every week.

J. F. Hanley, 1314 Hays St., Homestead, Pa.—Enclosed you will find a list of 45 subs to The Fool-Killer, also postoffice money order for \$6.75 to pay for same. I would have had a few more on this list only one man that I gave a paper to couldn't wait until I got this bunch ready, so he sent in his sub along with four others about a week ago. I had the names and addresses of the enclosed subs typewritten for your convenience. About one year and a half ago I got my first copy of The Fool-Killer, and we made up a club and sent them in at that time, and my only regret is that I didn't know there was such a paper sooner, and as for the future I intend to keep my name on your sub list and to send in others from time to time as I get the chance to boost The Fool-Killer. I would like to see The Fool-Killer delivered from every postoffice in America, and I am helping a little, as you will notice, by looking at the enclosed list, that they are from eleven different towns.

Mrs. L. Wheeler, Fairhope, Ala.—I am sending you one dollar to help The Fool-Killer spread itself, and am sorry I can't make it a hundred. I believe you are doing a noble work, and that He who gave you your great mind will permit you to go on using it for the good of mankind. Follow truth always, and have no fear.

Chester Haynes, Aurora, Ark.—I want to say your paper is the best funny one I ever read. We have been getting it for several months, and want to thank you for it. I sent in a club, and all that have gotten the paper are well pleased. So you may look to me as a worker for the cause.

J. H. Calverley, R3, Bx 43, Mabank, Texas.—I got up a few subs for your paper some two years ago, and one old man told me after reading it that if he could get one of them to read every week he believed he would live to be a thousand years old, as it was the best medicine he had ever taken to digest his food with.